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BRIDE OF A LANCER

By CECILIE LESLIE

THE setting sun glimmered over the waves of the Pentland Firth, sending its last bright rays through the window of Mary Huntly's bedroom, touching her hair and the sheen of her wedding-dress.

There were three men to whom Mary gave the love and loyalty of her generous heart: Gerald, Peter, and her father. Three people who each in his way had equal claims on her. In marrying Gerald, Mary knew she hurt the other two.

It was of Gerald she was thinking as she stood, straight and slender, while Margaret Mackenzie supervised the final fitting of her wedding-dress.

His portrait smiled at her from her dressing-table, and Captain Gerald Brown, of the 2nd Kumaon Lancers, was a distracting personality, even in a photograph. A tall, laughing man, with an air of assurance and deviltry. Indeed, he looked as gallant a cavalry officer as ever patrolled the plains of Bengal.

"I suppose you'll have an ayah to do this for you, and fifteen other servants," commented Margaret, removing the pins from her mouth. "I wonder if you know how lucky you are leaving all this behind — air-raid warnings, bombs, and bad weather."

Mary smiled at her friend.

"You bet I know it," she laughed. But behind her cheerful words were many and increasing doubts.

"Did you hear about those Heinkels yesterday?" inquired Alice, who was to be bridesmaid with Margaret at the wedding. "They machine-gunned the Highland Lass off Pomona, and knocked out six of the crew—three aren't expected to live."

"I hope you'll think of us sometimes," continued Margaret lightly. No one could have guessed by the tone of her voice that her brother had gone down in a trawler within sight of Macdhui shortly after the last Scapa Flow raid.

Dark thoughts accused Mary as she listened to their careless words . . . escaping to the ease of a life in India . . . away from it all . . . so easy, so well covered by excuses.

She hadn't the courage of these girls who watched the bombers make their almost daily visits but were determined to stick it out. They weren't sneaking away . . . like Mary Huntly.

There were other things in life, her dogged conscience reminded her, than seizing one's own happiness. Loyalty was one, loyalty to that brave old warrior, her father.

Mary's father, Kenneth Huntly, was a retired sea captain who owned nine trawlers. He was a tough old man pickled in brine, to whom bitter North Sea squalls were more exhilarating than a summer's day.

When war came, he cursed the Nazi raiders who machine-gunned his fishing smacks. If anyone was going to be potted at, he said, it was himself. He wasn't going to let his men take risks that he wasn't personally prepared to share.

And now, as Mary prepared for the greatest day in her life, she thought of her father who had swaggered down to the harbor that morning, and of her mother, silent and watchful, waiting for him to return.

Above the chatter in her bedroom, Mary heard her father's footsteps thudding up the stairs. Strange, she thought, he wasn't expected back till dawn next day. The door opened abruptly, and her father stood before them, his oilskins slung limply over his shoulder, and there were smears of grease on his bald head.

"Where's your mother, Mary?" he asked, and seeing the girls, gave them an apologetic smile.

"She's in her room," said Mary casually. She looked more closely at him. "Why . . . Father!"

Mary ran to him, stumbling over the train of her wedding-dress. Her hand touched his arm, and she drew it away feeling moisture on her palms. She looked at it bewildered: her hands were spattered with blood.

"It's nothing, nothing at all," he replied, smiling. "We had a go at them at last, the varmints. We gave 'em something all right. They slugged us a wee bit, too. I've got a few bits in my shoulder." The old man seemed very proud of himself. "Just call your mother, she'll——"

He did not finish the sentence, and but for Mary's arm would have fallen head foremost on the floor.

They picked him up and laid him on Mary's bed that was piled high with her trousseau. His brine-crusted rubber boots lay sprawling across a pile of peach-colored lingerie and the blood from his arm ran out over the white bedspread.

They stripped him of his coat and boots, bandaged his arm, gave him brandy and revived him. By the time the doctor arrived old Huntly was able to tell them what had happened. His ship, the Kitty Kyle, had been attacked. Three raiders flew over the ship, raking the decks with machine-gun fire. Ben Robertson, the helmsman, had been killed, and two others, like himself, wounded.

The story contracted Mary's heart. Next time that bullet might be in her father's brain. How could she leave him now, or let her mother face the future alone?

Mary knew at last that however much she loved Gerald she could never go through with this marriage.

WHEN her father was comfortable, and the house settled once more into its normal quietness, Mary walked slowly down to the hall, and stood by the telephone table. She would ring Gerald up. Now. Get it over, swiftly, and make her decision final, irrevocable.

All very well in theory—but it wouldn't work, she reflected. If she told Gerald the real reason he would demand—"Don't I count, too?" Gerald must have an explanation, and there was only one he would be too proud to question—Peter.

She called Gerald's number: "Meet me by that tree on the mainland cliffs—you know, our tree, in half an hour," she said, adding, almost inaudibly, "very important."

And then she telephoned Peter.

In the life of every woman there is always one man who is Dobbin, the Steady, the John Faithful; the man to whom she will give all the lovely qualities of loyalty, sympathy, tolerance, all the qualities save the one he wants—love.

As a small girl, Mary had decided Peter was the bravest man in the world. He had returned intermittently to his home in Macdhui during his years of military service all over the world. He came back once with his arm in a sling, and a glove on his hand to hide a wound, and although he eventually dispensed with the sling, he continued to wear the glove.

"Peter," she began, "you know you once said if I ever wanted a hand to hold, or a shoulder to cry on——" she trailed off miserably.

He answered quickly, "Don't be so apologetic, child. What is it?"

"Me and Gerald——" again she hesitated. "I—I want you to lend me that shoulder to-morrow morning about nine o'clock."

"Listen," he began. "Don't be foolish. What——"

But she rang off. Pulling on her coat, she left the house hurriedly, walked quickly down the cobbled streets, climbed the hill to the headland.

When Gerald found her, only the faint radiance of the moon lit the moorland. He did not attempt to take her in his arms, but lit a cigarette, bending double in the wind to do so. He said, almost stiffly, "I'm glad you came. I have been screwing up courage to tell you something."

Mary listened, her heart beating quickly.

"We won't be going to Simla, as I told you. I've just had a wire saying the regiment's been ordered to Zamrat. Simla's great fun, you know, plenty for you to do, but Zamrat's quite a different story, I'm afraid."

What did it matter—Simla, Peshawar, Zamrat, they were no longer living places for her, but dots on a map of India. She laid her hand on his arm.

"It doesn't matter where it is," she said; the words came sharp and high, unlike her normal voice. "I'm not going with you, Gerald. That's what I wanted to tell you."

He looked at her, still and strangely silent. She turned away, staring down upon the bay. Far out in the darkness she heard the distant drum of an aeroplane's engines. Then suddenly great stabs of fire from the anti-aircraft guns followed by a thin exultant roar. She grabbed Gerald's arm, and they peered towards the sea.

Out of the darkness a little tongue of flame suddenly shot up from the sea. The raiders were dropping incendiary bombs and one had found its target.

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"I have been screwing up courage to tell you something," said Gerald.

TIRING DAYS FOR THE FEET

Housewives and workers who have so much walking and standing to do will find freedom from foot troubles in this easy Zam-Buk treatment.

First bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly. Then massage Zam-Buk Ointment for a few minutes into the ankles, insteps, soles, and in between the toes.

1/6 a Jar, of all Chemists and Stores.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

Announcement

FROM THE MAKERS OF

FLY-TOX

Because of the needs of our Fighting Forces, there will be a much reduced supply of Fly-Tox available for civilian needs this summer.

Because of its extra strength, Fly-Tox can be used economically when you are able to get it, but, in view of the short supply, householders are urged to make more than ordinary efforts to check the breeding of insects. Cover all garbage or manure heaps round your home, and spray all still water surfaces with oil or kerosene.

Flies and mosquitoes spread disease; do your bit to protect the health of the community.

"The Spray that kills 'em dead"

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TWO TUNABLE TOM-TOMS

By.. HURD BARRETT

"Sure, I could win the contest with these," Kicks assured Mr. Nesbitt.

MR. HENRY NESBITT was accustomed to turmoil; and by parental necessity had learned to deal with it. He considered himself more fortunate than most fathers though, in that he was very hard of hearing.

So that when the radio was tuned each afternoon to pick up the machine-gun-punctuated adventures of "Captain Mystery," for instance, Mr. Nesbitt was able to turn a small dial on his electric-hearing device, and go on reading the Winfield Gazette in blissful silence. And he treated all other disturbing juvenile sounds in the same way.

On this particular afternoon, however, something was wrong. Despite the fact that the indicator on his Hearophone read "Off," Mr. Nesbitt's cochlea was recording a series of traumatic boomings which were most uncomfortable.

He was sitting in the upstairs study, just over the living-room, and the combination radio-phonograph and home-recording machine he had purchased in an ill-advised moment, some weeks before, was located in the living-room, some twelve feet below his chair.

He glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece, and saw that it said twenty-five minutes after five.

Puzzled, he frowned. Five p.m., by rights, was Captain Mystery's appointed hour. But these percussions did not sound like machine-gun fire. They went: Boom-boom-BOOM-boom! And repeated. Mr. Nesbitt had visual evidence of them. A rose in a vase on the mantel was jumping violently up and down in that precise tempo.

Mr. Nesbitt sighed, put down the Gazette, and went downstairs.

Just outside the living-room door, he paused and turned the indicator of Hearophone to "Normal." Immediately an inconceivable din smote his ears, and he hastily turned it down to "Low." As he did so the door burst violently open and emitted a tall, scholarly-looking sixteen-year-old by the name of Beezy Edwards.

Mr. Nesbitt stared at him in astonishment. Beezy, as a rule, was not given to violence. Beezy was a born organiser and a shrewd businessman—one of those types of boys who are always managers of school activities, and whose hobbies usually have a cash value. Beezy, for instance, collected valuable foreign coins . . . Ordinarily, he affected a quizzical expression of quiet superiority; but now he was the victim of baffled rage.

"Women!" he said furiously. "Phooey!" . . . Then he saw Mr. Nesbitt, turned a beet-red, muttered "Good-evening, sir," and departed hastily by the front door.

Mr. Nesbitt decided that this manifestation denoted a continuation of Beezy's recent quarrel with his fifteen-year-old daughter Dorothy, over the matter of the high-school play. Doruthy had been the ingenue, and Beezy had been stage manager; and Beezy, said Dorothy, had eternally humiliated her by dropping the curtain in the middle of her most dramatic and poignant third-act curtain speech . . .

There had been laughter from the audience, and a certain amount of ribbing later, most of which had come from "that nasty little Pat Engle," from whom Dorothy had won the coveted ingenue role . . . So there had been a rupture in Beezy's and Dorothy's friendship, during which Beezy had telephoned often, and Dorothy had moped and refused to have anything to do with him . . .

Mr. Nesbitt sighed and opened the living-room door.

What he saw held him fascinated. His daughter Dorothy was standing in front of the living-room table. In her left hand was a jelly, minced ham, and peanut-butter sandwich of heroic proportions, with several no less heroic bites missing from one side of it. Her right hand was resting on the table top, on an open copy of Lyle's Latin Grammar, which she was presumably studying.

The rest of her was in violent and rhythmic motion. Her feet shuffled and tapped. Her head bobbed like that of a shaken rag doll. And, at regular intervals, there came from her sandwich-laden mouth a strange, muffled cry of "Ta-teetee-TA-teetaa-TEE-TAA!"

Mr. Nesbitt shifted his glance to the corner of the room where stood the radio. In front of the machine was an enormous trap drum; and seated at the trap drum was a boy. He was about sixteen, redheaded and angular, with wild blue eyes, and a lantern jaw which was champing rhythmically at a wad of gum.

HE was belaboring, with incredible swiftness and dexterity, four cymbals, a snare drum, and a number of other objects which included a cowbell, three hardwood blocks, several things that looked like calabash gourds, and a cagelike contraption that might have passed for the better mousetrap.

Mr. Nesbitt had a horrible premonition. "Good heavens!" he said, somewhat more loudly than he'd meant to.

Instantly both the drumming and the dancing stopped, and he found himself confronted with two pairs of eyes. There was an awkward pause. Then Dorothy sprang towards him to administer a rather jammy and peanut-buttered kiss. "Hi-ya, Pop!"

Mr. Nesbitt wiped his face. "Where was Beezy going?" he inquired.

"Oh, him!" said Dorothy scathingly. She laughed. "I guess he's gone back to play with his old coin collection." She turned gaily towards the boy with the drums and said, "This is Kicks Kennedy, Pops!"

"Pleased-to-meet-you!" said Kicks, with machine-gun rapidity, and Mr. Nesbitt perceived from the look on Dorothy's face that his horrible premonition had been correct. Kicks had become the more or less permanent successor of the late-lamented Beezy. Kicks Kennedy who drummed . . . Terrible thought! Dorothy's hobbies had a way of changing with her beaus . . .

Mr. Nesbitt managed a lame smile. "Playing a little—er—jazz, eh?" he asked jovially.

Dorothy laughed indulgently. "Oh, you're so old-fashioned, Pops! They call it swing, now . . . No, I had to study my Latin, and Kicks is just practising for the Dizzy Darnel Contest!"

"Oh," said Mr. Nesbitt. He knew all about the Darnel Contest. Dizzy Darnel was the State's most popular dance-band leader, and Neely Phelps, president of the Winfield Department Store, had recently come into the Winfield National Bank—of which Mr. Nesbitt was loan officer—to borrow five thousand dollars to buy the local sponsorship of the scheme.

The idea was simple: Each week over the radio, Dizzy Darnel was to hold auditions for amateur dance bands of high-school age. Customers of the twelve sponsoring stores throughout the State would be permitted to vote for what they thought was the best amateur band in their city, and from among the three bands which amassed the greatest number of votes, Mr. Darnel would pick one from each city which—during the summer vacation—would be given a contract to tour the movie theatres of the State.

"Think you'll win?" Mr. Nesbitt asked Kicks.

Kicks looked uncertainly at Dorothy, who had resumed her consumption of the sandwich. "I don't know," he said.

"He needs more stuff for his drums," said Dorothy, matter-of-factly.

"You mean more things to pound on?" asked Mr. Nesbitt. He looked at the trap drum. "It looks—er—awfully complete to me."

"Oh, it's pretty fair," said Kicks, "but a guy isn't in it, these days, unless he's got tunable tom-toms."

"Tunable what?" asked Mr. Nesbitt.

"Tom-toms. You know, those little round drums. They go 'boom-petty - boom - PAboompetty - boomp' under the basic beat. Gives a super effect."

"Tunable tom-toms," said Dorothy, "cost thirty-five dollars, and they won't let Kicks buy them on time 'cause he's not twenty-one; and his father won't okay the account."

"He says I've got enough drums now," said Kicks.

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1/1, 2/2 and 3/9

Two Tunable Tom-Toms

"HE doesn't understand," Dorothy explained. "Tom-toms are a necessity. Not just a here-to-day thing like some gadgets. Tom-toms will be good ten years from now." Mr. Nesbitt sensed that she had learned these facts but lately.

"I wonder, Dorothy," he said hopefully, "if you couldn't study your Latin better if Kicks were to practise his drums at home? It must be hard for you to concentrate with—"

"Oh, no!" said Dorothy. "Music always makes me concentrate better."

. . . . . .

Mr. Nesbitt was a widower; and the menage operated under the joint supervision of himself and a colored cook and factotum named Pearl.

One morning, about a week after the advent of Mr. Kicks Kennedy and his drums, as Mr. Nesbitt descended to breakfast, Pearl said, "Don' you feel good, Mr. Henry?"

"All I need," said Mr. Nesbitt, grimly, "is to get rid of that Kennedy boy. Those drums are driving me crazy."

"Yes, suh." She turned away and then hesitated. "Mr Henry, suh, you ain't figuring you could just send this here Kennedy boy a-packin', do you?"

"Why can't I?" he demanded.

"Because, suh," said Pearl. "Mrs. Engle's cook says this Kennedy boy is 'bout the most popular boy attendin' the Winfield High School. If you send him packin', Mr. Henry, he just goin' to fin' hisself *some* other place to drum. And de place is gonna be Mrs. Engle's cellar room. That snippety little Engle girl done already made the offah.

"An' you knows, Mr. Henry, that Miss Dorothy gonna feel mighty bad if she lose de affectations of de Kennedy boy an' have him take up with her."

"H'm," said Mr. Nesbitt.

Pearl went on: "Seem like this Kennedy boy got a good chance of winnin' this heah music contes'. If he do, he goin' to be gone away all summah; an' it ain't goin' to do Miss Dorothy no good to have no beau that ain't here to take her dancin', and swimmin' at the river."

Mr. Nesbitt recognised the symptoms of a plan. His interest quickened. "Yes?" he said.

"Miss Dorothy, she done had a little quarrel with this Beezy Edwards boy, true enough. But he's the second mos' popular boy at the Winfield High School, and if the Kennedy boy win de contes' she's gonna make up with the Edwards boy again, right quick . . ."

"Good lord," groaned Mr. Nesbitt. "Any man who raises a daughter is storing up jewels for his crown in heaven."

"Yes, suh," agreed Pearl . . . "But that ain't all. If the Kennedy boy don' win that contes' he's goin' to be drummin' 'round the house all summer. That's bad. But the Beezy boy's different. We's used to the Beezy boy. An' if we's got to have any boy 'round heah, we couldn't do no better than him. So I suggests, Mr. Henry, that you fix ev'thing so the Kennedy boy win the contes'."

Mr. Nesbitt went to the bank that morning with no inkling that, before the day was out, he would have made the purchase of two tunable tom-toms . . . His acquisition of them grew out of his mature consideration of the facts Pearl had given him at breakfast; and out of a phone call he made that morning to Mr. Dizzy Darnel, at the Winfield broadcasting station.

Mr. Darnel spoke so rapidly and strangely that Mr. Nesbitt could barely understand him, but he did manage to discover two facts: Mr. Darnel admired the work of his own band above all others; and it was his considered opinion that, with the exception of one five-piece band from River Falls High School, he considered every competitor in the music contest as being of very inferior calibre.

"Corny," was Mr. Darnel's way of

Continued from page 3

putting it. "Strictly boom-boom. They all sound like prison bands playing horns they picked up in a hock shop."

"Oh," said Mr. Nesbitt, thoughtfully. Then, "Have you heard an—er — orchestra called Kennedy's Kongo Kats?"

Mr. Darnel had.

"How is it?" asked Mr. Nesbitt.

"Awful," said Mr. Darnel. "That's what I was telling some kid this morning. Name of Beezy Edwards."

"Who?" asked Mr. Nesbitt, startled.

"Beezy Edwards," repeated Mr. Darnel. "He asked, just like you, which band I thought was going to win. I told him River Falls looked like a cinch. Then he asked me about this Kats outfit. I told him the same as I'm telling you. They got no style. No class."

"I see," said Mr. Nesbitt, thoughtfully — wondering, meanwhile, just where Beezy fitted into the picture. "Tell me, does your drummer use tunable tom-toms?"

"Does he!" said Mr. Darnel. "Four sets of 'em!" To Dizzy Darnel, apparently, a band without toms was like an egg without salt . . .

"Thank you," said Mr. Nesbitt. He hung up the phone. Then he picked it up again, and dialled the number of the Winfield Music Shop.

MR. NESBITT got home early that afternoon, and carried his purchases directly upstairs to the study. They consisted of twenty-six recordings of the music of Mr. Dizzy Darnel and a set of tunable tom-toms.

The tom-toms were each about nine inches high, twelve in diameter and made of honey-colored, polished hardwood. Their stand was an intricate and sturdy wonder of chromium-plated steel tubing, and the skins shone.

Mr. Nesbitt set the outfit up before his chair, took the two drumsticks from the packing box, tuned up his Hearophone a notch, and gave the skin of one of the drums an experimental thump. It resounded with a deep, penetrating "Boom!" Mr. Nesbitt shuddered, and turned his Hearophone down to its lowest ebb.

With an almost morbid fascination, he thumped at the second tom-tom. Its "Boom!" was somewhat higher than that of the first, though no less penetrating . . .

"Good heavens!" he said. "They're—they're positively brutal!"

There was a sudden sound of a troop of horses coming up the stairs, and Dorothy stood in the doorway. Kicks Kennedy was behind her.

"Hi!" she said, in greeting, and then stopped short. "Tom-toms!" she screamed.

"Tunable tom-toms!" breathed Kicks. He dropped to one knee and stroked the drums with his hands.

Mr. Nesbitt wet his lips. "You told me," he began, "that you thought you could win the Dizzy Darnel contest if you had tom-toms . . . Is that correct?"

"Why, sure he could!" said Dorothy.

"Sure," said Kicks, still staring at the drums. "I could win the contest with these." He tapped the drumheads with the stick, and the tom-toms muttered awfully. "Boy, oh, boy!" he breathed happily.

"I—er—always admired young men with ambition," temporised Mr. Nesbitt. "I'd like," he added, with great truth, "to see you win that contest. I'm going to make it possible for you to own this set. The down payment on it is made. The weekly payments are one dollar. Does that suit you?"

Kicks drew himself up. His eyes were shining. "Mr. Nesbitt," he said earnestly, "when the trials come off, both I and the Kongo Kats will be in there pitching with everything we've got. And if we win—well. I'd have to ask the other guys in the band—but if I have my way, the band won't be called Kennedy's Kongo Kats any more. It'll be the Nesbitt Nite Owls!"

Mr. Nesbitt drew a deep breath. "There is, however, a condition," he said. "I've heard on good authority"—he steeled himself—"that your band is—er—corny. Strictly boom-boom. Something's got to be done about it, or that five-piece band from River Falls will win the contest."

He paused to gather their reaction. Kicks Kennedy had an expression of injured pride on his face; and Dorothy was staring at him with awe and amazement at his erudition. He picked up the package of recordings. "You can rehearse in the living-room every afternoon for an hour."

"Here?"

"Of course," he said, firmly. "Every afternoon. The thing to do is to practise with these records until you get an idea of what Mr. Darnel likes. Then we'll buy some of the sheet-music arrangements he has for sale, and go to work on them. He's judging the contest, and it stands to reason he likes his own kind of music."

"Yes, sir," said Kicks, slowly. "I guess he would." He seemed somewhat surprised that the idea had never occurred to him.

The next three weeks were a nightmare. Each afternoon, Mr. Nesbitt sat in the living-room and listened to the ceaseless thumping of two tunable tom-toms; and—when he tuned up his Hearophone—to the squalling of a saxophone and a cornet, the plinking of a guitar, and the twiddling of a not too expertly played piano . . .

He had long ago taken over the superintending of the Kongo Kats, for it was apparent from the first that they were not going to win the contest without careful guidance.

He was nothing if not thorough. He went systematically about the task of making home recordings of the Kats' efforts, for instance. These he would play back to them, so that they could see wherein they erred.

One evening, shortly after school had ended for the summer, and barely a week before the judging of the contest, Pearl came to him.

She shuffled her feet. "Mr. Henry, is you sure, Mr. Henry, dat the Kennedy boy is goin' to win de contes'?" she asked.

Mr. Nesbitt suddenly stopped scowling, and smiled. "He's a—er—cinch!" he said, with pride. "Why, we've got the best little five-piece outfit in the State. All Kicks has to do is to get up on the stage and he's in! We can't miss."

"Um, h'm," said Pearl dubiously. Then, "Mr. Henry, I don' think the Kennedy boy goin' to get votes enough to appeah on de stage. Leastwise Mrs. Engle's cook say he ain't. She hear that little Engle snip say somebody's payin' cash money fo' votes, and that Miss Dorothy cain't collect enough votes for the Kennedy boy to get into the judgin' at all."

. . . . . .

The next two days were horrible. Mr. Nesbitt had an interview with Dorothy that same evening, when she got in from a moving picture with Kicks Kennedy.

Dorothy was acting as Kicks' campaign manager. She had organised a Kongo Kats' Club at the high school, and herself joined the scavengers who haunted the Winfield Department Store each afternoon to pick up the sales slips which customers often dropped on the floor after making their purchases.

Mr. Nesbitt seized her as she entered the door. His face was pale.

"Dorothy," he said hoarsely, "Tell me. How many votes have you got for Kicks?"

"Oh, lots!" she said brightly. "Almost two thousand."

Please turn to page 8

You may have difficulty in obtaining your favourite Berlei number

As part of our contribution to the war effort, the Berlei range of foundations has been curtailed by 75 per cent. and the total production of garments greatly reduced.

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"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships.' 'Tilly Falls Through,' £6/6/-."

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Lane whirled a lariat, trying desperately to head off the maddened bull.

WILD ISLAND

By . . .

H. Vernor Dixon

WHEN lovely KAREN MARSH marries BOB O'NEILL, joint owner of Onele Island, one of the world's greatest cattle ranches, in the Hawaiian Islands, her life becomes a whirl of hectic gaiety.

She makes numbers of new friends, chief among them CALVIN and GAIL EMERY; antagonises beautiful MARGOT McDONALD, who hoped to marry Bob herself; then, to her consternation, falls headlong in love with LANE, Bob's handsome, dare-devil brother.

Miserably certain that Bob and Lane both know what has happened she goes for advice to old JOHN O'NEILL, their father, and invites him to come and join their house party at the ranch.

Karen continues her narrative:

I GOT back to the ranch to find it almost deserted. The whole party had gone down to the cove for some spear-fishing.

But Cal Emery was waiting for me, listening to a world-wide news report.

But Cal Emery was waiting for me, listening to a world-wide news report.

He rubbed his hand over his mouth and said, "I don't like it, Karen. I am certainly no alarmist, but something's going to break loose with those Japs. Those so-called peace talks look fishy to me."

"Oh, Cal, I think you Islanders give the Japs altogether too much attention."

"We know what they're like, that's why. They're treacherous little rats and always have been. We try to get along with them here in the islands, but it can't be done. I wonder," he mused, "where they'll hit first."

I involuntarily shuddered.

Cal drove me to the cove in his roadster.

We were coming through the ravine when a thought struck me. By Margot's own admittance, she had "cared" for Bob more than any other man. And yet, in the beginning, she had been willing to be my friend. But the moment she knew I was in love with Lane her feeling had given way to vindictiveness. Could it be possible. I wondered, that she could have been mistaken in which man she loved?

"Cal," I said, "you've known Margot for some time. Do you think she could be in love with Lane?"

He did not give the matter a second's thought. "Probably."

"Why probably?"

"Well, she's too beautiful, I guess, to ever actually be in love with anyone as you and I understand it. Of course, she'd put up a scrap for someone she cared about."

"I—I think you're right."

And it was Lane she was fighting for, not Bob.

We parked by the beach and I changed to a bathing-suit in a cave back in the rocks; then Tom fitted a circular glass, embedded in rubber, about my eyes and nose and strapped it over the back of my head. It was watertight and I had to breathe through my mouth. Then he fastened large rubber flippers, somewhat like a duck's feet, over my ankles and gave me a three-pronged spear about seven feet long.

I waddled into the water and struck out for the middle of the cove. Lane and Bob and Margot swam over, and we trod water while they explained that no one had yet caught a fish, though there were a lot of them about. They were after the uluia.

Lane asked, "Where did you go this morning?"

"Down to see your father. He must be awfully bored by himself most of the time."

Margot laughed. "Well, I like that. I happen to be with him most of the time."

"You're not one of his sons. Anyway, I've invited him to stay with us for a few weeks."

Bob roared, "You what?"

Margot broke into the first honest and full-throated laugh I had ever heard from her. "Great scott!" she gasped. "Everyone is frightened to death of John's influence over Lane. Bob is scared, I'm scared, everyone. And you blithely ask him up for a visit that will be permanent, and you know it."

Bob said, "Really, Karen——"

Then I got angry and it was my turn to explode. "Whether you like it or not," I said, "he is going to be our guest. You're like a lot of snobs here in the islands, reacting to changes of temperament like a change in the weather. On the mainland you'd be idolising John and bragging about him. But here you're afraid of him. Even Lane. In fact, Lane, I think you're more frightened of him than anyone else."

He stared at me, amazed. "I? I'm afraid of the old man?"

"Yes, you are. You're afraid that some day his blood is going to burst loose in your veins. Well, what's the matter with Bob's veins? Did he have his father's blood deleted?"

"Well, now——"

"I'm surprised," I continued, "at all of you. Your father's slowly dying, and he wants nothing in the world more than to be with his sons, and I'm not afraid of him, and I say he's going to stay with us."

Hot tears were blinding me by this time and I could feel myself trembling. Then the reaction, the utter ridiculousness of holding such a conversation while treading water, set in, and I started to laugh. "I guess," I said, "I'm just a little crazy to-day."

Lane said: "I don't think so." He turned to Bob and barked: "What are you looking so owlish about? A fine pair we've been. Do we have to hide John in dark corners because he's constituted differently from other men?"

Bob shook his head. "I don't know, Lane. After all, you did start to cut loose a few days ago . . ."

"Am I a child? Sure, I started to cut loose. I was going to paint the islands red. But why? Because everyone says I must? Be hanged to that and to everything people say I must do." He patted my shoulder and said, "You can pitch tent in my bailiwick any time, Karen, and I don't care who knows it."

Someone fortunately shouted "Uluia!" and all of us dived under the surface without thinking and looked for the fish. He was directly under me, a silver streak about three feet long and travelling fast. I jabbed him with the spear with all my strength, and he practically exploded in my face.

But he went limp after a short struggle and Bob helped me bring him to shore.

The younger bunch gathered around in a war dance, and Bob said, "Good girl," and I was beginning to feel pretty good about it all, when the war dance abruptly came to a halt and everyone froze into odd postures.

It came again, the thing that had stopped them, a slight trembling in the earth under our feet and a soft sound in the air like a great sigh. I followed Bob's gaze out over the cove, and saw a wave crossing it perhaps a foot high. It broke on the beach, and then another wave built up behind it, and another. There was a tremble of the earth, and then suddenly a tremendous shock that almost threw us down.

Wave upon wave of titanic shocks followed, the surface of the cove became like a maelstrom, and the loading dock collapsed like a house of cards before our eyes. I was terrified.

I don't imagine the quakes lasted for more than four minutes, but it seemed an age, a lifetime of suspense. When they were over and we knew they were over, Lane came running down the beach towards us, and he was laughing and his eyes were on fire and he was pointing above us.

"Look!" he shouted. "The old girl's cutting up."

We looked up, to the peak of the volcano, and saw a puff of smoke in the air above it, like a giant's umbrella. It was billowing out in a perfect smoke ring, and then there was another puff and a dull flash of red.

I clung to Bob and cried, "It's blowing up! Lane, you crazy fool, what are you laughing about?"

He reassured me. "Nothing to worry about.

"It probably means that Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, is going to erupt. All these volcanoes are connected underneath, deep in the maw of the earth. Our little pet here always gives off a bit when Mamma Mauna Loa goes on a rampage."

Margot said, "That's so," and in her eyes was the same fire glowing in Lane's. These islanders, I thought; they actually love their volcanoes. She said, "We'll have a good view of it from the ranch. Do you think it will go to-night, Lane?"

"Yeah. We'd better get back to the ranch. Say, Bob, I'll bet the old man's going wild over this. He loves 'em."

The guests were now over their fright and growing excited about the prospects of watching a live volcano in action from a safe vantage point. I even got excited about it, too, about our own safe little "pet" up there, but on the drive back to the ranch Bob whispered:

"I don't want to be an alarmist, Karen, but I don't like the way the water was acting. These things follow a certain predictable pattern—earthquakes, waves, and then an eruption. Only it should not have been our water that was disturbed." He patted my hand and said, "I'll telephone Hawaii and see how things are over there."

I riveted my attention on the road and was doing my best to think of other things than live volcanoes, when Bob said, "By the way, Karen, I want to explain about last night."

"Last night?"

There was a flush on his cheeks and his eyes were unwaveringly on the road, not on mine. "Yes," he said. "Why I slept in the other room. You see—something disagreed with me, I guess, and I didn't feel so well ——."

He would have stammered on forever, but I said, "It's all right, Bob. I went right to sleep."

"Oh." He smiled. "Then it's all right. I thought you might ——." He paused and the flush became deeper, and suddenly he said, "What's the use, Karen. We're not very good dissemblers."

"No," I agreed, "we're not;" and I leaned back and closed my eyes. It would be all right, now, if our own volcano did erupt. I found myself unreasonably hoping that it might . . .

John O'Neill was in his wheel chair on the ranch house porch when we arrived. His old eyes came alight, with all the pretty young things flitting about him, and they beamed with pleasure when Lane slapped him on the shoulder, but they dimmed a shade when Bob stopped before him. The two silently faced each other, and it brought a lump to my throat to see the faint mist form in John's eyes.

He blinked it back, however, and forced a smile. "Hello, Bob. Glad to see you."

Bob took his hand. "Did you have any difficulty getting up here?"

John laughed heartily. "Oh, that Toyo. He drives a car about like I'd handle Lane's aeroplane. But, say, what's going on with our volcano? Somethin' tells me we're in for it."

Please turn to page 18

AUSTERITY MESSAGES

From the wives . . .

. . . of AUSTRALIA'S LEADERS

Pattie Menzies

"An austerity campaign is really an economy campaign. We must save money by reducing our ordinary expenditure if we are able to pay for the war and keep up supplies to our fighting men.

Women have for a long time been the economists of the home, and their influence on national affairs has been a good one. We must continue and intensify our activity in the direction of ensuring that the Nation lives soberly and sensibly, and that we civilians carry our share of the burden."

—Sara Mrs. Menzies.

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YOU ALWAYS REMEMBER

McLean, with the intolerant snap judgment of youth, thought Captain Andrews was afraid. Afraid to fight!

A pillar of flame climbed a mile high yonder where the convoy had gone.

THE day he went down to the sea again was a wintry one. The water was drab as an unwashed slate, and alive with a furtive uneasiness. Low swells rolled silently past the barnacled pilings. And yonder the old Westbrook lay, creaking her rope fenders against the pier.

She hasn't changed, Captain Andrews thought. He halted to study her unlovely bulk, and this, in a way, was acknowledging a kinship. The captain had grown old, too.

He went over the gangplank, and he climbed the bridge ladder slowly—not from age, but because he was preoccupied with the thought and feeling that all this had happened before. Most likely it would happen again.

Next time? Captain Andrews thought. Next time I won't be here. And I haven't forgotten how it was, either. If I can help, it's now . . .

He stood in the bridge wing, thankful for having been spared for this chance. A big, red-faced man came from the wheelhouse.

"Good morning, sir," he said, cheerfully. "I'm Danvers—first mate."

The captain grunted. He was watching the crew stowing cargo in number one hold under the direction of a red-headed young mate. Loading her deep with food for Britain.

"Welcome aboard, captain," Mr. Danvers went on. "Everything's shipshape—considering. The crew's not the best, but we'll manage. Chief Dodd says the engines are pretty bad, but he appears competent. Oh, I imagine we'll get over all right enough, being in convoy!"

Captain Andrews took a stubby black pipe from his pocket. He looked coldly at the first mate.

"Don't be so infernally optimistic, Mr. Danvers," he growled. "I had this ship for several years after the last war, and even that long ago she was bad. Her engines will break down. And if being in convoy will get us across safely, I'll join the Army! What's that up forward?"

"You mean the gun, sir?" Mr. Danvers asked, reddening. "It was installed at the navy yard. A four-inch, I believe. If we're attacked, I imagine we can give a good account of ourselves."

"Oh, you do, eh?" said Captain Andrews. "Well, that's more of your unwarranted optimism. It's a three-inch, not a four, and it wouldn't blow my cap off. And who do you think would shoot it?"

"Why, sir, McLean—he's the second mate, down there—"

"Probably neither McLean nor any of the rest of those young sprouts ever fired anything bigger than a twelve-guage," the captain sniffed. "They've lots to learn. And so, I imagine, have you!"

The first mate stiffened. "I've been going to sea for twenty-one years!" he said. "I've sailed in lots of ships better than this one!"

"And the last war has been over twenty-four years. And the better ships you've had won't help you with one like this. If there ever was a worse one, I haven't seen it!"

Mr. Danvers eyed him curiously. "If you think so little of her, captain, may I ask why you asked the line to give you her command?"

"Why?" repeated Captain Andrews slowly. "Why? Well . . . there's a war, isn't there? She's going to sea again, isn't she?" And he turned away with the air of one who has clinched an argument. He went into his cabin abaft the bridge and called Mr. Danvers after him.

"Get the carpenter and take that chart table out," he said. "I want a work bench rigged in its place. Big enough to hold some potted plants. Ever grow things with chemicals and electric lights, Mr. Danvers?"

The mate shook his head.

"Well, don't!" advised Captain Andrews. "You'd expect too much, being an optimist. I've farmed since retiring. The one thing I've learned, is to expect nothing. You can depend on a good piece of machinery, Mr. Danvers. You can even count on human behaviour, because we are all imitators—we follow a pattern. But count on nature, and she'll slap you in the face. See what I mean?"

"Why, yes, sir," said Mr. Danvers, who only saw corroboration of a rumor he'd heard—that Captain Elam Andrews was a bit unhinged.

"So," mused the old man, "some day we'll use chemicals for soil and electricity for sunlight. We'll grow things bigger and better than ever before, and we'll need to —after this war. Oh, yes, Mr. Danvers—call me when the express truck comes alongside. It's bringing my tools and plants and a few cases of my Florida grapefruit."

Wind died with the daylight. The Westbrook slipped her moorings and stood wheezing down the channel to rendezvous with the convoy in the open sea.

"Eight knots!" grumbled Dodd, the chief engineer. He was a quiet man, middle-aged and bald; he had to raise his voice against the sound of hammering in the skipper's cabin. "We can make that by putting on every pound of steam we can make. Do it long, and something'll bust!"

"Yes, if we aren't high aground in a hayfield by then!" said young Tommy McLean. He was cocksure, and discipline sometimes chafed his square shoulders, and he had temper to match his hair. He said, "I mean—well, the old man . . ." and then clamped his jaw shut.

Mr. Danvers laughed bitterly for an optimist. "Say it," he counselled. "He's been a farmer, and he'll always be. I've seen his kind. They'll do for regular peacetime runs. But this is war! I've rated a master's ticket for years. And the line gets sentimental and brings back an old farmer when it puts on an extra ship."

"What's he doing now?" Dodd asked. "It's time to eat."

Tommy McLean jerked a thumb towards the hammering. "Puttering around with potted tomato plants and electric wiring! And not room left in that cabin to swing a cat, with the four cases of grapefruit he had stowed there. Is he going to eat all that himself?"

Johnson, the negro steward, turned from setting the table. "No, sir, he ain't," he declared. "Cap'n told me to pay that grapefruit no never-mind. Says nobody eats it. Says"—and he rolled his eyes — "grapefruit will keep submarine crews from gittin' scurvy!"

Mr. Danvers jumped. "Submarine crews? That's funny!"

"Funny?" Dodd repeated. "Maybe it ain't so funny at that. You can't tell, now——"

The door opened to interrupt him. Captain Andrews grunted a good evening and sank heavily into his chair at the head of the table.

"Mr. Dodd," he asked, "how are the engines behaving?"

"Bad," the chief engineer said glumly. "We'll be the slowest ship in the convoy."

"That so?" the captain said cheerily. "Well, if we can't keep up, we can't keep up. I never did like convoys, anyway. Rather go alone."

"But we're under orders, and so are the rest," Mr. Danvers reminded. "If we lag, they'll have to wait for us."

"Maybe," the captain said. He began on his soup, then put down the spoon. "I want a tarpaulin rigged over that gun. Make it look like a winch."

McLean's eyes sparkled. "Like one of the Q-ships of the last war, sir? Could we rig a collapsible dummy deckhouse over it, captain?"

"The tarpaulin will be sufficient, Mr. McLean," said the captain.

"But it'll slow us in getting the gun into action, sir! I've organised a crew, captain. I had some R.O.T.C. training, and two of the men are experienced. Di Martini served a cruise in the Navy and Bromley was in the Royal Artillery."

The captain's brows lowered. "We'll leave the gun covered!"

McLean was opening his mouth, but Mr. Danvers kicked his shin under the table. They were dealing, he realised, with an eccentric. Best not to antagonise him. And if you gave a man enough rope . . .

"What's your plan if we're attacked, captain?" he asked quietly.

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"Keep back!" warned Captain Andrews. "All of you—get to the boats."

By Allan Bosworth

"If we have a chance," said the skipper, "we'll abandon ship. That's why I want the gun covered. So we'll have that chance."

Tommy McLean exclaimed, "Abandon ship? Without a fight, sir?"

The captain nodded and pushed his soup plate away, pressing a table-napkin to his lips.

"You've never seen a ship—your ship—go down after she's been torpedoed," he said grimly. "It's not pretty. You're pitching in an open boat. The ship is the only friendly thing in all the lonesome ocean. You know her so well you either hate or love her. You watch her list grow. She's like an old work horse keeling over to die in the middle of a half-ploughed field, and you can't do anything to save her. You just have to watch her roll over and go——"

McLean, with the intolerant snap judgment of youth, thought Captain Andrews was afraid. Afraid to fight!

"You always remember things like that!" the old man said suddenly. "You see them and feel them, and always remember. I lost two ships in the last war. The Mary Stoddard had a deck gun, and a sub. torpedoed us without warning. We weren't really worth a torpedo, but they saw that gun and couldn't take chances. The second was the old Cape City, and she was unarmed. That sub. surfaced, and ordered us into the boats——"

Captain Andrews twisted the napkin, his knuckles standing out white and the veins in the back of his hand showing.

"That time," he went on, "the sub. put over a collapsible boat after we abandoned ship. They took food off the Cape City and put time bombs in her bilges. When the bottom blew out of her she went straight down. You either hate a ship or you love her. I loved the old Cape City."

. . . . . .

On the fourth day out, Tommy McLean grudgingly took five men to the fo'c'sle deck to cover the gun. The convoy was strung out over miles of ocean, and the day was grey and cold. Fog, lying like the chill breath of winter along the Grand Banks, drifted down the sea in patches, and that uneasiness still rode with the leaden swells and cried out in the Westbrook's creakings.

Tommy could count six vessels. A tanker was low in the water off the port bow; the others dimmed successively with the distance. The tanker, Mr. Danvers had told him, was filled with high octane gasoline for planes of the R.A.F. The escort ships—two Canadian destroyers and two corvettes—were not visible.

"We'll get in a little drill before we house the gun," McLean said. "Di Martini, you'll be the pointer. Bromley, you train."

"Here comes the Old Man, Mr. McLean!" Di Martini warned.

Tommy McLean had scarcely seen the skipper since that first evening. Captain Andrews had been keeping to his cabin, nursing his plants, calling on Chips, the carpenter, for this and that. He came up with his hands lost in the pockets of an old jacket.

"Mr. McLean," he growled, "belay this popgun practice! Get the gun covered, as I ordered! And when you've finished, take these men aft. Rig a life-raft with boards lashed across those four empty oil-drums."

"So we can abandon ship faster," McLean asked scornfully.

"Exactly," said the captain. He looked searchingly at the younger man, started to speak, and then changed his mind. He went aft again.

"Sir!" Bromley breathed. "Maybe the cap'n's a pro-Nazi!"

"Stow that!" Tommy said sharply, and felt a bit mixed up inside. Even if you despised the captain, you had to see that the crew showed the proper respect. It was discipline, and discipline is the law of the sea.

"You're in a spot, Mr. McLean," Di Martini said. "He'll have your ticket unless you obey. But if we're attacked, we could let him leave the ship. If he's so scared, he'll not wait to leave last. And we'll jump up here and man the gun, sir!"

Young Mr. McLean squared his shoulders. "Very well!" he said briskly. "And if that costs me my ticket I can't help it."

That evening Bromley and Di Martini brought their plates to the saloon to complain about the food. Mr. Danvers was in no mood for such trivialities. He remarked that the officers were eating the same meal.

"In the Navy," Di Martini said, "you have a right to complain to the captain. There ain't enough fresh stuff. The Old Man brought all that grapefruit on board, didn't he? Who's it for?"

"Forget it!" Mr. Danvers flared. "It's his private property."

"One man can't eat all that," the dark, heavy-set seaman went on. "There's a scuttle-butt rumor going around—that he brought it for a submarine!"

Mr. Danvers shot an accusing glance at Johnson, but the steward was retreating hastily towards the galley. The first mate said, "Go on—get out! And don't bother the skipper. He's working. He's probably growing grapefruit for all of us by now!"

The grievance committee left, and a more important worry interposed itself into Mr. Danvers' mind. The Westbrook shuddered and lost way. Dodd came up to report that the engines had broken down.

Mr. Danvers' slight reserve of optimism collapsed, too. "Well, you tell the captain!" he roared. "I'm not going to interrupt his agricultural pursuits! So you either love a ship or you hate her, eh? I'll give you two guesses as to how I feel about this tub!"

He stamped up to the bridge. It was Tommy McLean's watch. The breakdown signal had been made, and a slender four-pipe destroyer dropped back to hover nearby. The rest of the convoy faded in the twilight.

Captain Andrews came into the wheelhouse.

"Well, Mr. Danvers," he said, "watch her heading. Nothing to do but wait. Mr. McLean, find the carpenter. I want a soldering iron and a couple of yards of small insulated wire."

Mr. Danvers made a sound in his throat. "Great heaven!" he moaned, after the captain had gone back to his cabin. "We break down in submarine waters, and all he thinks about is light for his tomato plants!"

"He's afraid!" declared Tommy McLean. "Afraid to fight!"

Full darkness had scarcely come over the sea before Dodd had the ancient up-and-downers clanking once more, and the Westbrook began making five knots. At this gait the ship rolled clumsily, even in the long, low sea that came from the port quarter.

Captain Andrews appeared in the wheelhouse like a shapeless ghost. "I need some electrician's tape," he said. "What are we making?"

Mr. Danvers never answered. A lurid flash hit the bridge windows. There was no sound; there had been no warning. Just sudden brilliance, inescapable, almost unendurable after the darkness—almost like a slap across the open eyes.

Mr. Danvers and Tommy McLean collided as they sprang into the port wing. A pillar of flame climbed a mile high yonder where the convoy had gone. It mushroomed against the clouds, coloring them marvelously, and then fell away. The shock came, an atmospheric convulsion that rattled the windows, and the roar followed.

The sound loosened tongues. Somebody cried insanely, "Look! Look!"

Mr. Danvers shouted, "The tanker's torpedoed!"

"Stop the engines," said Captain Andrews quietly. "Mr. Danvers, you'll take the bridge. I have work to do."

The first mate's face was white and strained in the dying glare. "Stop the engines? Captain, are you crazy? We'll never catch up with the convoy if we stop! And we'll be a plain target, with no way on!"

"Mr. Danvers," the Old Man began, then hesitated. More quietly, he added: "Subs listen for screw-beats. We won't make any. If we're to meet a sub, I want it to be daylight."

"But the convoy, captain—"

"Confound the convoy, Mr. Danvers! McLean, are you going to get me that roll of tape?"

"Why — yes — yes, sir!" replied the startled Mr. McLean.

Yonder went the destroyer towards the trouble, leaving smoke that could be smelled but not seen. The warship vanished, and the bridge was a lonely place. Darkness lay everywhere except in that spot of bright tragedy. Muffled detonations rolled back through the night, but there were no enlivening flashes of light. Depth bombs, Mr. Danvers told himself, feeling his palms sweating despite the cold.

The hours were interminable. Tommy McLean couldn't sleep. He came back to the bridge. The old ship rolled idly, drifting with the wind.

"Well——" said Mr. Danvers, and let it go at that for a long while. Dodd appeared in the gloom, wiping his hands on a bundle of waste. The engines had been fully repaired; they could do eight knots again.

"I'm glad you're here, chief," Mr. Danvers began nervously. "You and McLean. We're going to have to do something. Any skipper who'd stop his ship—who'd spend a night like this puttering over his tomato plants—he's simply not in his right mind!"

"It's a deck problem!" Dodd said hastily. "It's got nothing to do with the black gang——"

"We've got a duty to perform, getting this ship across—getting the food over," Mr. Danvers said. "Why, you'd think the Old Man was anxious to provision a sub!"

"He doesn't want to fight!" said McLean. "And we may have to!"

Dodd only shook his head. Mr. Danvers pondered a moment. When the owners heard how Captain Andrews had acted, they certainly wouldn't condemn him for taking over. More likely they'd give him a command of his own for acting with initiative.

"We'll wait till daylight," Mr. Danvers decided.

. . . . . .

The first illumination crept out of the east. Captain Andrews came to the bridge unshaven and showing other indications of a sleepless night, and called for full speed ahead. Then he ordered a course full fifteen degrees south of that the convoy had followed, and Mr. Danvers knew the time had come for action.

The big first mate advanced, hands out from his sides. "Captain Andrews," he said, "we don't want any trouble! But you——"

And then he was listening to a whistling, hurrying sound that ripped his words apart and drowned them—a sound that terminated in a sharp blast above the Westbrook's bow.

Fragments pounded the rusty deck and the peeling hull plates like riveting hammers set briefly into action, and after that came a short and breathless silence. Then the shouting and the excited drumming of feet on decks and ladders.

"Submarine! Submarine off the port bow!"

The cry stopped Mr. Danvers in his tracks and with his mouth open. He saw an unholy light leap into the captain's eyes as the Old Man sprang forward to the engine-room telegraph and yanked the handle to full stop.

"We'll abandon ship, Mr. Danvers!" the captain announced, and the first mate thought he detected triumph in the words. Looking forward, he saw men half-dressed, tumbling out of the fo'c'sle, and McLean was jumping down the ladder from the bridge and going that way. The Westbrook shuddered as she lost way and began swinging broadside to the quartering sea.

Please turn to page 31

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Two Tunable Tom-Toms

Continued from page 4

MR. NESBITT went into a series of lightning calculations. He knew to the dollar what the cash sales of the Winfield Department Store had been since the contest started. Allowing for even a fifty per cent. margin of lost sales slips there must be at least fifty thousand votes waiting to be cast. "Ye gods and little fishes," he groaned; and picked up the phone to call Neely Phelps at his home.

Neely, it appeared, had heard rumors, too. Certain of his customers had remarked that Winfield Department Store sales slips had a cash currency value, among their younger children, of twenty-five cents for ten dollars' worth . . . No, he couldn't imagine who would care enough about the outcome of the contest to spend that much money to influence the result . . .

Who was leading in the contest? Well, as he recalled it, the River Falls Band was leading with about ten thousand votes; Linklater's Lulus were second with seventy-two hundred odd, and the Bayou Bearcats were runners-up with four thousand . . . Kicks Kennedy? Why, he was fifth with twenty-five hundred votes.

Mr. Nesbitt hung up. The election closed the next day; and under the terms of the contest Kicks Kennedy had to place in the first three, even to get a hearing in the finals. Instead, he was fifth; and there were almost twenty-five thousand votes outstanding. Who had them?

It was only next day that the solution struck him. One of the contestants was buying votes for himself! Which one? Obviously, the band that was leading! The River Falls Band. "Ha! ha!" cried Mr. Nesbitt aloud and reached for his phone.

Twenty minutes later—despatched by his high-school principal—a certain fifteen-year-old Jerry Voelter stood in Mr. Nesbitt's office, while Mr. Nesbitt sternly berated him for vote-buying, trying to influence a free election.

Jerry Voelter, however, proved not to be the guilty man. He had bought no votes. "Besides," he said, "Beezy Edwards says that—"

"Who?" shouted Mr. Nesbitt.

"Beezy Edwards," repeated Jerry. "It was his idea . . . Beezy says that—"

"Never mind!" shouted Mr. Nesbitt. "I see the picture quite clearly." He grabbed his hat and sailed out the door like a hurricane.

He located Beezy Edwards at the Uptown Drugstore. Beezy was calmly inhaling a Giant-Thick malt.

"Beezy," Mr. Nesbitt said, "we've been working at cross-purposes."

"Have we, sir?" said Beezy in surprise. "How's that?"

Mr. Nesbitt decided on complete frankness: "Where in thunder did you get hold of six hundred dollars to buy up all those votes?"

Beezy, apparently, decided on frankness, too: "It didn't cost me six hundred, sir. I only bought enough to keep the balance right; and I sold a lot of those at a profit. I'm only in the thing about a hundred and fifty bucks; and I'll get that back. I sold part of my coin collection to finance the deal."

"I see," said Mr. Nesbitt, reflectively. "But there are some things I don't quite understand. Maybe you'd better explain the whole deal to me."

Beezy looked a little uncomfortable. "Well, sir," he said. "They say anything's fair in love or war, and this was sure both of them. I figured I could make a little money and get a rival out of the way at the same time."

"Kicks Kennedy?"

Beezy nodded. "I was going to use my profits to start a summer theatre. I figured Dorothy would—"

Mr. Nesbitt nodded. "You thought a summer theatre, with Dorothy as leading lady, would be more of an attraction than a—er—losing band leader. That's where you were wrong. Unless Kicks wins the contest, Dorothy will have to keep him around all summer."

Beezy's composure vanished and gave place to apprehension. "She will?" he said in alarm. "Why?"

"Because," said Mr. Nesbitt, "she can't desert him when he's down. It would be disloyal. My plan was better. If he wins the contest, he'll be gone all summer. Then your theatre might do some good."

"I guess maybe you're right, sir," said Beezy slowly. "I didn't get it. I thought you were helping the droop because you liked him."

"Heavens, no," said Mr. Nesbitt. "His drumming drives me—er—nuts! . . . But this Jerry Voelter deal. How does it work?"

Beezy grinned at him. "Simple, sir. Dizzy Darnel told me when the contest started that the River Falls Band was the best in town. I saw a chance to make some money, so I told Jerry if he'd pay me twenty per cent. of the earnings from their tour, I'd guarantee that his band would reach the final judging. I figured he'd be a cinch to win—especially if I could fix it so that a couple of sad outfits like Linklater's Lulus and the Bayou Bearcats would be second and third."

"H'm, h'm!" said Mr. Nesbitt, reflectively. "I wondered why you called Darnel that day. I might have known that it wasn't merely an academic interest in music . . . Beezy," he continued, "how many votes are you holding right now?"

"About ten thousand, sir."

"That's enough," said Mr. Nesbitt, "to make sure that Kicks Kennedy makes the final judging. That's what you'll have to do."

BEEZY looked at him in dismay. "But I can't vote for Kicks, sir. It wouldn't be ethical. I promised to help Jerry Voelter."

"The ethics of the situation are sadly scrambled now," said Mr. Nesbitt. "But you've already kept your end of your bargain with Jerry. You simply promised him you'd get him into the finals.

"Furthermore, you've no right to deprive Kicks of his chance. Nor, to be thoroughly fair about it, the others, either. Rigging elections is bad business. Fortunately," he added with pride, "Kicks has the best little five-piece band in the State. He'd win anyhow, so the others aren't really suffering an injustice."

"But how about my hundred and fifty bucks?" asked Beezy.

Mr. Nesbitt looked at him severely. "You richly deserve to lose it."

"Yes, sir," said Beezy doubtfully. He sat for a moment thoughtful, then said, "I wonder about something. There's never been any trouble between Kicks and me. He knows he's behind in the election. I wonder if I went to see him right now, if I could sell him on the same deal I did Voelter."

Mr. Nesbitt gasped. Then he laughed. "Yes," he said, slowly. "I suppose you could."

. . . . . .

The tumult and the shouting had died. The contest was a week over. And the Nesbitt Nite Owls, nee Kicks Kennedy's Kongo Kats, had won and were on a train headed for their first week's engagement.

Mr. Nesbitt got home quite early that afternoon. He was jovial—beamingly so. He came into the house, said, "Well, well, how's everything?" to Pearl, and went whistling off upstairs to the study. Once there, he removed his shoes, turned himself off, and settled himself comfortably with the Winfield Gazette.

For a little while he read in peace. But then, apparently, something commenced to disturb him. He shifted uneasily in his chair and turned up his Hearophone, expecting to hear some violent noise. There was none—only a murmur of voices from the verandah. Something, he sensed, was very wrong.

For a second he couldn't determine what it was. Then suddenly he knew: The flower in the vase was motionless!

He considered this fact for a moment before its significance struck him. Then he realised that he was also disturbed by the absence of certain vibrations in the soles of his feet and in the top of his skull. He sat up straight in his chair. "Great Scott!" he said, in horror . . .

Then, with a sigh, he selected a record he'd made of Kicks Kennedy's Kongo Kats, went downstairs to the living-room, put it on the turntable of the big phonograph, set the machine on "repeat," and returned to the study.

For a moment he sat in his chair—with his Hearophone turned off. The vibrations were satisfactory, so he settled back in comfort to read the Gazette. For perhaps a minute he perused it in peace, while his head and feet thrummed comfortably, and the flower on the mantel shuddered.

Then the door of the study opened, and his daughter Dorothy came in.

"Father," she said, in a pathetically pained voice. "We can't stand that awful phonograph so loud. Specially, those horrible drums! Beezy and some of us are rehearsing a play on the verandah, and we simply can't hear ourselves think."

Mr. Nesbitt stared at her blankly. "Ye gods!" he said. "Ye gods and little fishes!"

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Movie World

Favorite bad girl at last gets sympathetic role

From JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

BETTE DAVIS fans will rejoice to know that in her latest Warners' film, "Now Voyager," the usually ill-fated star does not lose her eyesight, take a beating, go to gaol, be tried for murder, or even sit on a cactus. But then Bette invariably plays "bad girl" roles, and just retribution has usually caught up with her.

However, as an actress, Bette was born to suffer. As Carlotta in "Now Voyager" she plays a young girl of twenty whose life is ruled by her strict and tyrannical mother, a nerve-racked girl of twenty-eight, a dowdy girl with a plain face and bulky figure, and later an irresistibly charming woman of the world.

Bette is one of the few leading Hollywood actresses who would have had the courage to don such an unattractive disguise. However, in the later sequences of the film, she receives plenty of compensation with an ultra-flattering up-swept hair-do and thirty stunning outfits designed by Orry Kelly.

Bette's new leading man is tall Viennese Paul Henreid, who skyrocketed to fame after his success in "Joan of Paris," and English John Loder also falls under the spell of Bette after her glamor build-up.

During production of "Now Voyager" the three stars spent all their spare time at their various war work.

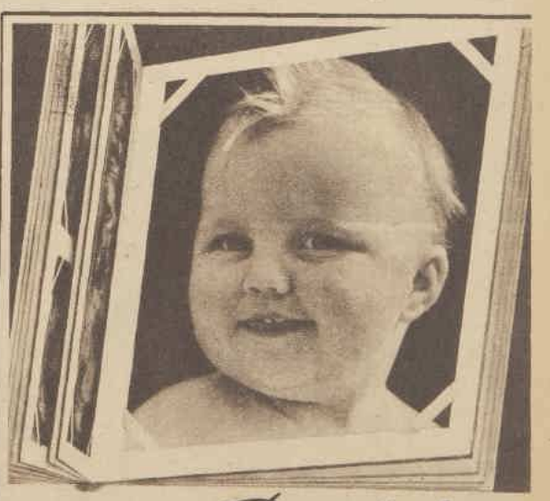
Bette Davis is chairman of the immensely popular Hollywood Canteen, and every time she has a spare hour or so she rushes off to the canteen, where she works feverishly cutting sandwiches, serving the troops, and helping entertain the boys.

Paul Henreid went off to the Californian Valley every week-end and under an assumed name labored as a peach-picker in order to save the crops.

John Loder, who is a Sandhurst graduate and a veteran of the first World War, is adjutant at Brigade Headquarters of the California State Militia.

● *A delightful outdoor scene from "Now Voyager," which co-stars Bette Davis and Paul Henreid. Bette's transition from a drab, neurotic girl to a suave woman of the world is breath-taking, for never has she looked lovelier than in the later sequences of this film.*

● *With the scarcity of male actors, owing to military call-up, Bette is singularly lucky to have two such attractive stars as Paul Henreid and John Loder. Henreid is a Viennese by birth and Loder, who is 45, is over age to be drafted. John and his wife were victims of the Nazi "blitz" in France.*



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Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply *lightly* before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness — and helps protect against wind and weather, too!

THE FIRST OF THE FEW . . .

1 **FLYING VETERAN** of the first war Crisp (David Niven) recalls for young present war R.A.F. pilots the story of English aircraft designer R. J. Mitchell (Leslie Howard), who built first Spitfire.

2 **INSPIRATION** for plane from gulls when picnicking with wife (R. John).

3 **CONFIDES TO** friend Crisp his dream of building streamlined fighter plane.

4 **HOLIDAYING** in Germany, Mitchell learns of development of German Air Force.

5 **HASTENING HOME** to work on fighter for Britain, he is handicapped by technical prejudice and limited budget.

6 **DESPITE ILLNESS** he decides to continue work on plane.

* * * * * * * *

Title inspired by Churchill

THE title of Twentieth Century-Fox's "The First of the Few" was inspired by Churchill's famous tribute to Spitfire pilots, "Never has there been so much owed by so many to so few."

The real life story of Reginald J. Mitchell, C.B.E., an English aeronautical engineer, is depicted in this film. Among other things, he built the Supermarine which won the Schneider Trophy for Britain in 1927, 1929, and 1931.

His dream of making a streamlined fighter plane inspired by a seagull was realised, in spite of early prejudice and his own failing health, before his death at 42 in 1937.

To check authenticity of detail in the film his wife, Mrs. Mitchell, acted in an advisory capacity with the producer and director, Leslie Howard.

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● *Susan Peters, one of Hollywood's clever newcomers, insists she's no glamor girl. Here, however, the camera belies her laughing statement, "I am not beautiful, look how my nose turns up."*

● *At rehearsal. Susan Peters and Ronald Colman listen with interest to Director Mervyn LeRoy when he discusses a scene in their film, "Random Harvest." This film is adapted from James Hilton's best selling novel.*

New star wanted to be a doctor

By VIOLA MACDONALD
Cabled from Hollywood

IT'S been a Cinderella success for Hollywood's latest find, Susan Peters, who has an important role in "Random Harvest," and is now playing with Robert Taylor in MGM's "Russia."

However, she tells me it was only by chance she took up screen work. She wanted to be a doctor.

After playing only one very minor role in "The Big Shot," Susan was signed up by Metro a year ago, and already has achieved stardom.

"I had not thought of being an actress," said Susan. "At the age when most children dress up in their mother's clothes for play acting, I was bandaging my dolls and any of my protesting friends who would let me, so that I could prepare to be a doctor."

Susan enrolled at the local university to do her medical course. But fate intervened and whisked her off to an acting career.

"I was walking along the campus in an old sweater and skirt when a talent scout appeared and told me I was a typical American girl, and if I wished I could join Max Reinhardt's School of Dramatic Art.

"I could do this through a scholarship which would be awarded to the typical American girl.

Not conventional beauty

"I THOUGHT the typical girl should be better looking. I am not beautiful. Look how my nose turns up," she said with delightful naivete.

"However, I signed up, and the first thing I knew Warners contacted me and I spent many months with them testing for various parts, but not doing much else. After a small part in 'The Big Shot' I lost my contract."

Then Susan signed up with Metro, and without making a single test she had big roles handed to her.

"It seems hardly possible that so much should happen to one person in a single year," Susan told me when I went along to interview her. She was sitting nursing the thick script of her latest film, "Faculty Row," in which she co-stars with Herbert Marshall.

She said that she had no idea when she signed the Metro contract that she would play opposite Ronald Colman, Robert Taylor, Herbert Marshall, and Jean Pierre Aumont in less than twelve months.

"I was placed opposite Robert Taylor in 'Gentle Annie,' and Pierre Aumont in 'Assignment In Brittany.'

"But my greatest thrill was playing opposite Ronald Colman and Greer Garson in 'Random Harvest' in which I was Kitty," she added happily as she said good-bye to me.

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The future is always uncertain—in wartime it is even more difficult to plan for.

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HOME AGAIN . . . . . Our glorious Ninth

Lean, bronzed veterans of three tough triumphant years of desert war

When we saw them off, the men who became the 9th Division were just so many thousands of individuals from various walks of life and the soldier who became their leader was a shy, reserved man of whom we knew very little.

They came home as a grand and glorious body of men, united in their tremendous pride in the Division's achievements, tested in body, mind, and spirit through three years of war.

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

AND the whole world now knows the reserved man as "Ali Baba" Morshead, outstanding among to-day's great military figures, loved and trusted by his "twenty thousand thieves."

The ships came home in the golden sunshine of a brilliant summer's day.

The first cheers came from the men themselves, at their first sight of familiar landmarks.

A ship's band played as soon as the ships were in hearing, and there were loud cheers for a riveter on harbor works who played "cock-a-doodle-doo" with the pneumatic drill.

A woman, who had not heard the band, arrived at the wharf gates very indignant that there was no band to welcome the troops, and played her concertina valiantly nearly all the afternoon.

The troops were so tightly packed round the rails, in lifeboats, and portholes, that in our joy at welcoming them, some of us were able to forget for a little while those who were missing from the ranks.

But a soldier told me afterwards that among even the toughest of the men tears were shed for comrades who would never come home.

It is the proud boast of the Division that "every time Jerry met the 9th Divvy he got a hiding."

Official historians have already recorded how the "worst equipped Division," the 9th Division, armed mainly with .303's, beat the Germans back in Cyrenaica.

Nerve-racking months

IT fought the rearguard action back to Tobruk and astonished the world by defying the enemy there for eight long months. It stemmed the German advance in Egypt and turned the tide with the great pitched battle of El Alamein.

It is difficult to persuade these lean, leather-faced young warriors to talk about themselves, but they tell proudly the deeds of their units and their comrades, and gradually you can piece together the stories of Cyrenaica, Tobruk, El Alamein, Ruin Ridge, the Hill of Jesus.

It is hard to visualise those nerve-racking months in Tobruk — the sand-storms, when a man could be lost for several hours within a few feet of his own doover, the countless air raids, the bare subsistence on dreary rations.

In his diary, one Tobruk "rat" devotes nearly a whole page to the beautiful lemon drink produced miraculously by a friend when he was feeling very ill, and records that he cleaned his boots for the first time in six months when there were rumors that the Australians were to be relieved.

Their stories are sometimes hair-raising.

There is the story of the two infantrymen who "whipped behind" a tank crossing a minefield under heavy bombardment. While shells crashed around them and mines exploded, one told the other a long story about the beautiful Syrian girl he'd met, and how he'd been too shy to ask her to the pictures. And what a fool he'd been because he probably wouldn't get another chance now.

In Tobruk, men went out into the perimeter under cover of darkness, lay motionless all day in shallow depressions in the sand, in broiling heat, pestered by flies, often nearly run down by enemy tanks, to observe enemy movements.

"When night fell again," said one Tobruk "rat," "your nerves would be none too good.

"You weren't helped when, out of the pitch dark, and without a sound, you would feel a hand slide over your face, across your throat to your shoulder.

"If you had your Australia badges on your tabs it was okay.

"If not, the Indian soldier, out on patrol like yourself, was likely to slit your throat."

He also told the story of the young soldier who conducted a private blitz of his own to avenge the death of his brother. He went out from the perimeter right to the German lines, cut their communication wires and tied them to booby traps.

HUSBAND AND WIFE, parted for three years by war, smiled joyfully at their reunion.—Driver Butcher and his wife.

The resultant fireworks started a big artillery display from the Australian guns, and for some time both sides thought "something big was on."

"The sappers," he said, "did a magnificent job everywhere. They knew Tobruk perimeter like Bourke Street."

The troops have brought back some ironical news.

The Germans and Australians between them have fulfilled a dream of the late Kaiser's—a railway from Africa to the English Channel.

The Germans built the railway from Tobruk to Mersa Matruh. It connects with the railway across Egypt, and Australian engineers completed the missing link with the Syrian railway along the coast.

Military record

THE 9th Division has a very high regard both for the Navy and the Air Force.

"The Navy's ferry service to Tobruk was one of the world's wonders," said another soldier. "How they still came back again and again under heavy raids was an inspiration to us.

"When we came out the Navy treated us as if we were the heroes. Whether on or off duty they gave up their bunks for us, and slept in the alleyways themselves.

"In our last session in the desert, when we had such fine air support, airmen often came up to the front line to spend a few days with us.

"At first we thought this was all part of Army-Air Force co-operation. But we learned later that these youngsters chose to spend their leave with us, learning all they could at first-hand about the terrain and landmarks they were fighting over in the air.

"Before the El Alamein battle began, every unit was addressed by its C.O. With the aid of a plan of the battlefield on a blackboard he explained to us just what every division, and our particular unit, was going to do—the Australians, Kiwis, Scotties, and South Africans—along the thirty-mile battleline.

"Officially, the A.I.F. did not pursue the enemy beyond the line set for us nine miles from El Alamein, but one artillery unit chased Jerry as far as El Daba, and the 'arty' boys, in turn, had to be chased and told to come back."

Continued on page 19

Home leave

GLORY comes striding,
Big boots clumping, to the remembered gate.
The brown face lifts,
Expectant, to the quiet door,
And folded hands, awakened,
Fly to let him in.

The great arms reach,
Gathering the patient, empty years,
And loneliness drowns in tears released at last.
The tyranny of the clock—the day's set tasks,
The rigid routine of a woman's house—
Dies at the shout of glory's deep, male voice.

Warrior friendships shoulder back the walls,
Strange words and places crowd the safe, small room—
Tobruk, El Alamein, Beirut, "Maleesh," "Saideh, George."
And desert dust sifts through the air of home.
But the wings of waiting swoop—
Dimming the bright, clear day,
Shutting out sound of marching men,
Shutting cold fear in with the heart's new pain,
And glory, big boots clumping, goes to war again.

—ADELE SHELTON SMITH.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR LESLIE ("Ali Baba") MORSHEAD, G.O.C. of the 9th Division, at home again with his wife and daughter, Elizabeth.

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Editorial

APRIL 3, 1943

THEIR FALLEN COMRADES

AS the ships bringing home the Ninth Division came in sight of Australian shores, two soldiers leaned in silence over a deck rail.

"What are you thinking of," one asked.

"The same as you," said the other, and his voice broke.

Their thoughts were with the mates they had left behind—the men who would not share with them the ineffable joy of coming home.

Men of the Ninth returned victorious, but their victories were won at heavy cost.

On the desert battlefields they lost some with whom they were united in the deathless comradeship of arms. To come home without these mates was to leave part of themselves behind.

Australia shares their loss.

Even in the noisy bustle of welcome, in the heart-shaking thrill of reunion, the fallen were not forgotten.

Every mother who wept for joy to see a son come striding into her home again, every wife who embraced a husband, every reunited sweetheart had a thought for the women with nothing but their memories and their pride on this day of so much happiness.

For women so bereaved, the homecoming of the Ninth must have sharpened the sense of personal loss, but there was some comfort in the knowledge that men their boys had loved were home again.

Australia's debt to the fallen can never be paid in full. The nation makes only token reparation when it cares well for the families who sorrow for them.

In the brief rejoicing of to-day and in the long quiet of forever, "we will remember them . . ."

—THE EDITOR.

MATRON JOAN ABBOTT, R.R.C., who was in charge of an A.G.H. in the Middle East.

ON WAY HOME. Dell Power (V.A.) on arrival at an A.A.M.W.S. barracks in Australia. She is a Queenslander.

IN "CIVVIES." Sister Rae Fallick, back from the Middle East, shows her photograph album to her mother, Mrs. S. R. Fallick.

Nightingales of the 9th Division . . .

"There's no emergency an Australian nurse can't or won't cope with when nursing Diggers," said Matron Joan Abbott, back home in Queensland after two years in charge of an Australian General Hospital in the Middle East. "I was often astonished by their resourcefulness and adaptability."

Hers was one of hundreds of tributes paid to nurses and V.A.'s by doctors, matrons, and the troops with whom they served in the Middle East.

NOW they're home again answering the eager queries of families and friends who want to know all about "over there."

Matron Abbott feels she is very lucky to have had the experience of being in charge of an overseas military hospital.

"I would not have missed one minute of it," she said. "It was not nearly as terrifying as I thought it might be.

"The work of a military matron is so different from a matron of a public hospital. The quartermaster attends to so many of the worries that a matron usually has to, such as linen, food, and supplies."

Matron Abbott was in charge of a 1200-bed hospital, with 28 wards, and an excellent staff supplemented with girls of the A.A.M.W.S. (V.A.'s), whose work was invaluable.

Equally proud of her nurses is Matron E. F. Johns, who was in charge of an A.G.H. in Middle East.

"They did a great job," the matron said, her eyes kindling.

The nurses, about 80 of them, looked after men of 6th, 7th, and 9th Divisions, and did service in Palestine, Syria, and Egypt. They were abroad more than two years.

At one stage they were on their way to Greece, and were recalled on the day Greece was evacuated.

"So we returned to Palestine and opened up our hospital, working there for the rest of the time," Matron said.

"We had tented hospitals, except for the hutted theatre, and lived in tents all the time.

"Our patients were grand. Any talk about lack of discipline in the Australian soldier is so much nonsense, I think. We thought the boys a wonderful crowd.

"The nurses were untiring in their efforts for the boys. Regularly a sister would collect a batch of patients able to move about and take them out for the day sightseeing or picnicking."

The award of the Royal Red Cross to Matron Abbott and Matron Johns was recently announced.

Sister Rae Fallick, of N.S.W., was one of eight A.I.F. sisters in a casualty clearing station, set up in an Arab village, Burgel Arab, ten miles from Alamein, during the last big push of the 8th Army.

"Wounded A.I.F. men, filthy with desert dust, in bloodstained battledress, and with roughly bandaged limbs, came in from the terrific El Alamein battle telling us with cheerful grins, 'It's the best scrap we've been in,'" she said.

"The station was a base for wounded men of the South African, N.Z., and English Armies, as well as the A.I.F.," she added. "At the worst of the show 200 casualties would come in in a day. We used to work quickly and they would be on their way to base hospitals within twelve hours or less.

Raced the A.I.F.

"AS the 8th Army pushed on so did our unit, and actually it arrived at Mersa Matruh or rather at a village just out of Matruh before the A.I.F.

"It became a joke between us and the boys, that we had beaten them in the advance," she said.

The two other N.S.W. Sisters, Nan Elworthy and Irene Forrester, warmly praised the work of the V.A.'s.

"They did a marvellous job and I don't know what we would have done without them," said Sister Forrester.

"Nothing was ever too much trouble, they did exactly what was asked of them, and cheerfully. They had to work pretty hard."

Sisters Elworthy and Forrester were two of the twelve sisters who, after the Greek campaign, worked at a Greek hospital in Alexandria, part of which had been taken over by the A.I.F., and which later became an A.G.H.

MATRON JOHNS, R.R.C., in charge of an A.G.H., praises her nurses.

"This was probably the most strenuous phase of our service in the M.E.," said Sister Elworthy. "We had no orderlies and only Arabs to do the hard physical work.

"During this time convoys were pouring into Alexandria from Greece, and there were thousands of wounded to look after."

Sister Forrester's brother, Corporal Ken Forrester, returned to Australia in the same convoy.

Many nurses and V.A.'s found romance abroad.

Sister Jeanette Legge - Willis (N.S.W.) married Sgt. Harold (Mick) Wilkin (N.S.W.), in the Jerusalem Cathedral.

Sister Myra Pearce married Sgt. Jock McLaren (N.S.W.), also in Jerusalem. Sister "Parry" Paravacini married Private Ian Murray, Sister Sylvia Duke married Lieut. Don Frazer, Sister Ruth Brown married Lieut. N. Hodges of Melbourne.

Sister Carmichael became the bride of Mr. Ian Turner, an Englishman who is a member of the Palestinian Police Force at Gaza, where she has now made her home.

The marriage of Mr. Jim Eastlake and Marjorie Smith (Victoria) was celebrated at an A.G.H., when an Australian padre officiated.

Mr. Eastlake is in the Palestinian Police Force, and his wife has remained in Palestine.

Barbara Clarke (W.A.) married Lieut. John Sharpe, who is serving with the Mediterranean Fleet.

Ruth Sachs (Queensland) married Mr. Frank Skelton, an Englishman, representing an English oil company.

Florence Officer (N.S.W.) and Robert Mackay, an Australian serving with the R.A.F., were married a few days before she left for Australia.

Dorothy Temperley married an English squadron - leader, and is living in Alexandria. Sheila Booth married an Englishman, Major J. H. G. Coomber, and is living in Bagdad.

Since the convoy returned there have been many more weddings of nurses and V.A.'s in their home towns.

The V.A.'s did not learn that they are now in the A.A.M.W.S. until they arrived in West Australia.

"Got quite a surprise to know we weren't V.A.'s any more," said Margaret Murray, of Queensland.

"Realise that we have to go into khaki and feel rather glum about giving up our blue uniforms. They've stood up to the wear and tear marvellously, although at times in the desert they actually looked like khaki," she said.

Dawn Jackson (N.S.W.) said she hoped that they would continue to wear the blue uniforms in the wards.

"The boys in the hospitals appreciated that bit of blue," she said. "Everything in the desert is so drab, all one sees is khaki."

"We were in Syria for a while," said another. "The wards were tents, and flying ambulances used to bring in the wounded, working day and night. Boys in hospital who could walk acted as voluntary orderlies at busy times. They were wonderful!

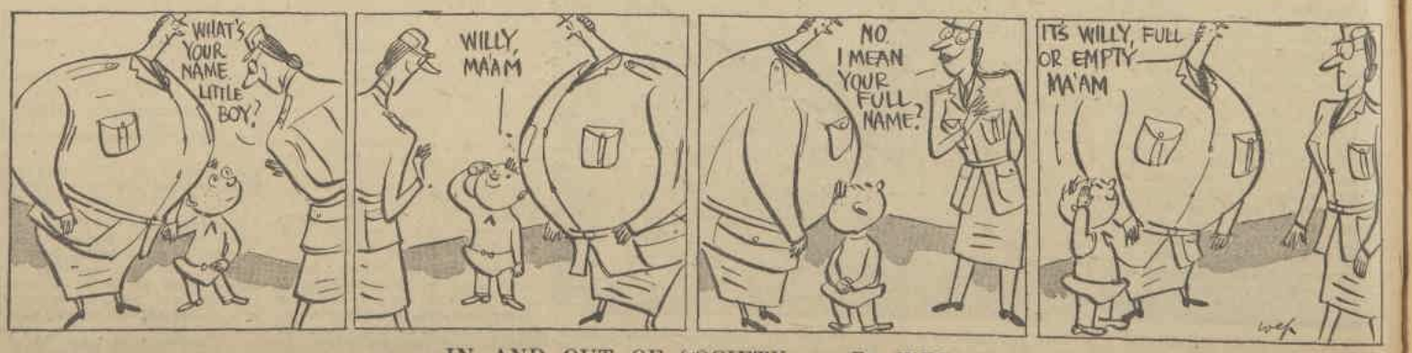
"Sometimes there were raids. But we carried on as usual. Just doused lights and took 'temps' and did sponges with aid of torches."

"We're proud of our service chevrons," said Barbara McEvoy (N.S.W.). "More proud of them than we could be of all the pips in the Army."

The important thing in the lives of these girls is the 9th Division.

The admiration for the men is unbounded, and they have a keen awareness of some fine intangible spirit which exists among the soldiers of the 9th.

They all have one big hope . . . that where the 9th goes in the future they will go too.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... *By WEP*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune should be enjoyed by almost all zodiacal groups this week. The starry radiations are exceptionally favorable.

Those likely to benefit most are Sagittarians, Leonians, Arians, and, to a lesser extent, Geminians and Aquarians. These people should strive diligently to utilise their good days for seeking promotions, changes, and happiness.

Librans, Cancerians, and Capricornians, however, may encounter difficulties, upsets, losses, delays, and worries. Consequently they should live cautiously.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): March 31 (to mid-evening) should be exceptionally helpful. After that poor. April 1 (to noon) very good, then fair. April 4 (to 9 a.m., and from noon to evening) good. April 5 (except midday) excellent.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): April 3 (to forenoon) fair, also April 4 (early). March 31 (evening) can be poor.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): March 31 (to sunset) and April 1 (forenoon best) can be quite good, also April 4 (to evening), and April 5 (except midday).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be cautious on March 30 and April 4 to 6, and you should avoid trouble. Changes, arguments, delays and difficulties likely.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): March 31 somewhat tricky, but April 4 (except from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.) should be excellent. Also April 5 (but for midday hours). Seek promotions, changes, favors, and other gains at this time.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A week for routine (unless your personal horoscope strongly indicates otherwise), so do not attempt big changes or difficult propositions.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Avoid losses, partings, opposition, upsets, and discord now. This is especially so on March 30 and 31, and April 4, 5, and 6. Changes not advised. Routine matters favored most.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): April 3 (in noon), April 4 (to 9 a.m.), and April 5 (near dusk) can produce mild benefits. Routine best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Keep busy. Good results can follow diligent and wise efforts now. Utilise March 31 (to sunset) and April 1 (forenoon), which are good, or April 4 (from noon to 10 p.m.), April 5 (except midday hours), both of which are excellent. Seek progress, changes, favors, and general good fortune.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Be on guard against worries, delays, and obstacles now. March 30, April 3, April 4, April 5, and April 6 very poor. Dodge changes, discord, and upsets of all kinds. Routine best.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): March 31 (from noon to sunset) and April 1 (morning) can be modestly helpful. April 4 (from noon to late p.m.) and April 5 (except midday hours) very fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Keep to routine affairs now, though April 3 (in noon) or April 4 (to 8 a.m.) may prove quite helpful for finalising matters already started. April 4 (forenoon) poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

★★★ **One Day in Soviet Russia.** This documentary film is a superb chronicle of the life of the 193 million inhabitants of the Soviet Union. Taken before the war, 97 cameramen all over Russia went into action on the same day to produce this panorama of the Russian people at work and at play. Quentin Reynolds' commentary is impressive.—Savoy; showing.

★★ **This England.** Stirring British film depicting England's struggle for national and personal freedom from the Norman days through the ages to 1918. The story has some dull spots, but is superbly acted by Emlyn Williams, John Clements.—Embassy; showing.

★★ **Uncensored.** Exciting and well-directed film about an underground opposition to Nazi domination in Belgium. Eric Portman and Phyllis Calvert give fine performances.—Civic; showing.

★ **Behind the Eight Ball.** The Ritz brothers in their usual slapstick musical comedy role, with a touch of timely melodrama when they expose a spy ring. Appearing with the hysterical brothers are Grace Carol and Dick Foran.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trying to ascertain why
CLAIR: Without reason, tried to shoot
BOB: Her fiance, at the home of
HER UNCLE: A sinister figure whose hobby is growing orchids.
PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, is with them, and late at night the uncle selects a rare striped orchid from his collection and places it close to her bed.
A strange, sweet odor fills the air, and a little later Narda gets out of bed and, walking like a somnambulist, leaves her room with murder in her brain.
NOW READ ON:

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PHOTOS OF THE MIDDLE EAST. Sergeant Norman Anderson shows his snapshot album to his mother at their home in Surry Hills.

THE SIX SOLDIER SONS of Mr. and Mrs. John Leach are now home. Last three to get back with the 9th Division were Sergeant George, Lance-Corporal Bert, and Captain Ron Leach. This family picnic party includes five of the Leach grandchildren, their grandparents, and the only daughter, Maureen, who is married to one of their Middle East mates, Captain Ardley.

Soldiers cheered their first sight of home

All troops ashore in 24 hours—Army did wonderful job

By OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT

A back gate banged.

A silver-haired mother said: "That'll be Norm."

And that's how Sgt. Norman Anderson, of the 9th Division, A.I.F., came home—a homecoming typical of thousands.

THE Army did a wonderful job in releasing the troops so quickly for their twenty-one days' leave.

Army docking officials worked through the night and had every man ashore before noon the following day.

When you got close to the men you could see that tired look in their lined faces.

But they were joyful men who swarmed over the decks, lifeboats, and rigging—and bursting through portholes — of the ships that brought them back.

Huge captured Nazi flags were draped over the ships' sides, and groups of still-young Diggers wore Nazi helmets and brandished battle weapons.

Officially every endeavour had been made to keep those trophies of war on "the other side."

Men had tried to beat as many as five kit inspections by burying their trophies in the desert sands.

One surprise raid, however, did produce enough pistols, uniforms, gun parts, and other assorted gear to start a military second-hand shop.

Over in a faraway building a woman was waving a large towel. A little girl beside her flashed a mirror with the aid of the sun's rays.

Within a few minutes the best part of fifty heads had appeared at other windows waving sheets and towels.

Then someone sighted the Boss—Lieut.-General Morshead, who had come ashore earlier.

Grand moment

THE men greeted their chief respectfully.

Everyone of the "Ninth" would go through Hell with their leader.

Lieut.-General Morshead acknowledged the greetings and the boys cheered again.

The band struck up "Waltzing Matilda" and thousands of voices joined in the singing. It was a grand moment!

An excited, tense throng stood at the entrance to the wharves — waiting — some out of curiosity, but most to catch an early glimpse of a lad they loved.

Policemen had forestalled the crowd and put up barriers.

But they meant nothing, and might just as well have not been there.

However, the law was most patient and understanding, and never tired of moving the same people behind the same barriers with the same kindly words.

Away from the crowd was a slip of a girl in pink in the arms of the dirtiest giggle-suit I've ever seen. He'd caught sight of her and escaped for a few minutes from his unloading job.

A woman tugged at my arm and asked if I knew where there was a telephone.

"I want to ring them at work and tell them I'm not coming," she said. "I should have been there half an hour ago."

There was a shout from the crowd, and then applause, as one of the returned lads with his kiddy in his arms posed for a photograph.

Enjoying the attention, he decided to make the most of his big moment, and with his wife in one arm and the little boy on the other, he strutted down the thoroughfare between the barriers and passed out of sight.

After a tall six-footer of a lieutenant bent to kiss his wife, she raced after him as he strode back to his duties on the boat to wipe the lipstick off his face. More applause from the crowd.

This hurly-burly of human emotions was wearing. Old ladies and young were having a silent cry.

One poor old soul said, tearfully, "Isn't it sad for the families of the boys who'll never come home?"

Just then a busload of nurses, radiant and healthy-looking, waved as they went by. And my old lady friend brightened up.

Pretty A.W.A.S. transport drivers on the wharf became the butt for some hearty comment by the happy soldiers.

"Doing anything to-night, honey?" one broad-shouldered, hefty-looking corporal yelled at a slim, blonde Awas.

"Take no notice of him, girlie, his missus and kids are outside," interjected a red-headed Digger standing a few feet away.

One of the biggest of many family reunions was the return of three of the six soldier sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Leach, of Doll's Point. Two other brothers who had been in the Middle East were already in Australia, and the sixth has since been released from the Army for essential work.

"We knew the boys would soon be home," said Mrs. Leach, then messages came from their wives on Sunday morning and we arranged our reunion.

Lance-Corporal Herbert Leach rang up his wife at 1 a.m., and she thinks she woke the neighbors in her excitement.

Bert's son, Adrian, aged three, greeted him, and he met for the first time his new daughter, Virginia Maureen, aged twenty months.

How lucky we are

SGT. GEORGE and Capt. Ron were not sure when they boarded the transport that Bert was coming home, too. They found him later during the trip.

The Leach brothers could write a war history of their own.

George is a member of the famous 13th Battalion, and spent four months in Tobruk. Major Alec was in the Greek campaign and was on board a ship sunk at Crete.

Ron was wounded in the battle of El Alamein. Lieut. Harry, who went away as a private, came home eleven months ago.

Bert was a driver in Tobruk, and the youngest, Norman, was a gunner in Darwin. Their only sister, Maureen, is married to Capt. Frank Ardley, now in New Guinea, who was in the Middle East with her brothers.

"How lucky we are to have them all safely back," said Mr. Leach. "Going home in the tram the other night I was telling some chaps about the boys. Then I found the man next to me had four boys prisoners in Malaya. It made me realise again that God has been good to us."

Sgt. Ray Stringfellow had to find his little family at a new address, as his wife had moved after he left for overseas.

His little daughter, Pat, who was a baby when he went away, was very shy at first, and his son, Ray, was shy, too, until his father gave him a handful of foreign coins and his whistle on its lanyard, with which Ray, jun., had a fine time disorganising the traffic outside.

Sgt. Stringfellow, formerly in the Navy, was a member of the fire brigade when he enlisted. He superintended the signals section which kept communications open in the frightful battle at Ruin Ridge.

Sgt. Norm Anderson came home through the back gate, as he had come home from work every night.

Sgt. Anderson was greeted by his proud mother and his three nephews and nieces, whose father, Lance-Bombardier Jo Anderson, is in Wau. His elder brother, Ted, is a cook at a military camp.

Sgt. Norm Anderson was mentioned in despatches for his work in the El Alamein battle. He was in charge of the signals unit which laid the lines of communication in readiness for advanced headquarters. He worked within 100 yards of the enemy's forward defence lines, and his party had to lay their lines a foot underground so that they would not be damaged by the advancing tanks. At Tobruk he helped to lay the cables between the ack-ack batteries that ringed the harbor. The signals worked throughout air-raids to keep communications open.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE gathered outside South Sydney Methodist Mission for a double wedding. The two bridegrooms and two best men have been together in the same unit ever since they enlisted, and came home together. Left to right: Reginald Bundy and his bride, Nancy Nugent; Driver Mervyn Smith, who married Pte. Bundy's sister, Muriel. The two best men, Pte. Billy Smith and Pte. Sydney Bundy, are in the second row.

WEDDINGS BELLS rang for hundreds of brides when the troops came home. Irene, daughter of Mr. R. E. O'Halloran, M.L.A. for Orange, and of Mrs. O'Halloran, of Ashfield, was married to Lieut. Stuart Williams at St. Vincent's, Ashfield.

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WELCOME-HOME SCENES FROM EVERY STATE

JOYFUL INTRODUCTION. Sgt. Ernest Herbert is introduced to his daughter, Janice, by his wife at their home in Sandringham, Victoria.

FORMER NAVAL MAN and fireman, Sgt. Ray Stringfellow, was welcomed home by his pretty wife and daughter, Pat, and son, Ray, at their home in Redfern, N.S.W.

"IT'S A LONG TIME since I made you your favorite apple pie," Mrs. W. Parkes, of Brisbane, tells her son, Dennis, when she welcomes him.

FATHER AND SON, who served in the same battalion, Gunner Major Monkhouse and Bombardier Dennis Monkhouse, were greeted at their North Adelaide home by Mrs. Monkhouse and Bombardier Monkhouse's fiancee, Sgt. Jean Warrington, of the W.A.A.A.F.

UNPACKING SOUVENIRS. Sgt. Harold Wilkin and his wife, formerly Sister Jeanette Legge-Willis (N.S.W.).

SGT. JOHN CORTIS married Miss Jean Forster, of Collaroy, N.S.W., when he came home. He won the D.C.M.

SGT. ARTHUR WARMAN meets his 19-months-old daughter, Colleen, for the first time. His wife was out shopping when she heard of his return, just had time to spring clean their bungalow in Broadview, S.A., and hang a Union Jack in the hall before he arrived.

KISS FOR A HERO. Mrs. E. Ainsworth, of Brisbane, embraces her young brother, Pte. Victor Rafton, while other members of the family gather round to welcome him. Mrs. Ainsworth's son, Tommy, is also with the A.I.F.

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Wild Island

Continued from page 5

BOB said, "I have to call Hawaii," and disappeared into the house.

I began to wonder if I had done the right thing after all. Bob was as cool towards his father as ever.

Lane pushed John away from the guests, with me tagging along, and whispered, "You think it looks bad?"

John shrugged. "Can't say yet. I've watched Mauna Loa 'rupt dozens of times and I think I know somethin' about them. But there's somethin' different here, like it's closer to home." He glanced at the black cloud hovering over the volcano and slowly shook his great head. "She's got it in her, you know."

There was a sulphurous taste in the air, and the paniolos standing about were sniffing and grinning at one another. They were as happy over the prospect of the Onele volcano going off as were Lane and John. That was too much for me, and I determined to have no more of the nonsense.

Mary came out to stare at John with tears of happiness in her eyes, and Sam, too, came to shake hands with him. Others who had worked for John before the boys had been born casually dropped by, and Lane watched them and said to me, "I won't forget this, Karen, ever. It's a good thing you've done."

Bob called me inside and up the stairs to his room, and I followed him with a pounding heart. My heart settled back to normal when he started talking about the volcano.

He said, "I've just spoken to the volcanologists on Hawaii. Mauna Loa, so far, is quiescent. The only activity in all the islands is right here. A boatload of scientists is on its way here now."

"Then they think—?"

"They don't know." He tapped some tobacco in his pipe and paced the floor. "There is nothing sure about these things, but the odds are—this is on a guess, you understand—it might blow off on this island."

I weakly dropped into a chair and asked, "When do we leave?"

"Leave?" He stopped and turned on his heel to stare at me as if he had not heard right. "Did you say leave?" He peered into my eyes a moment, then took my arm and led me to a window facing over the ranch.

He waved his pipe and said, "This is ours, Karen. A volcano built it for us. It's our responsibility, the people, the land, the cattle, everything. We don't run out of it. We stay and we take the good with the bad."

"But, Bob, the danger!"

"Well," he shrugged, "there is danger in anything. You'll learn something about islanders very shortly. You'll see them streaming over here from Hawaii and Oahu and all of the islands. We don't run from our volcanoes. We run towards them."

"That's fantastic."

"Yes, and true." He gently touched my shoulder with his fingertips. "You're one of us. I don't think you would run from danger, either."

A deep strength welled up in me from the echo of his last words. This, too, was my island and I could fight for it as well.

It was Lane, of course, who was the first to go into action. I heard him down in the corrals, shouting orders, and ran out to see what was going on. The paniolos were tightening girths, pulling in their own belts, and throwing looping bundles of lariats over saddle horns.

Lane rode through the milling horses and shouted to me, "We're going after the wild steers. They'll go mad in an eruption."

Bob came running and threw himself into a saddle. His horse reared and the others screamed and kicked, and Lane shouted, "Take it easy, Bob. You'll need your energy where we're going."

He spurred his mount and raced out of the corral with Bob at his side and a hundred paniolos fanning out behind him.

I went back to the house and told the guests they had better leave while they had a chance, but none of them would go. Tom grinned and said, "Sure, we're all crazy." Margot wanted to know where the men had gone and when I told her she said, "I think I'll join them."

"But Lane acted as if it would be dangerous."

She gasped and then laughed at me. "You can stand at the base of a smouldering volcano and talk about wild steers being dangerous?"

I had to laugh with her, asked John to look after the guests, and then hurried to my own room to change. Margot and Tom and I rode out of the ranch and followed the path the men had taken.

We eventually sighted them driving thirty-odd head of wild cattle. They closed on them out in the open, riding barely off the tips of their wicked horns and swinging lariats. As the ropes tautened, the steers went head over heels and hit the earth with tremendous thuds. Then the men quickly rode off, snubbed their ropes about trees and trussed the cattle on heavy swivels.

We rode down to them, and Bob cantered over, looking worried. He reined in at my side and said, "You'd better get out of here. These wild bulls will charge at the slightest provocation."

"Achmed can hold his own. Anyway, we'd like to watch."

He shrugged and said, "Well, all right, But stay uphill from the steers."

Lane called to him and he rode off into the woods, and we cantered over to a safe-looking knoll to watch the fun. The men were tearing through the trees, and in a moment they were again in the open driving longhorns before them. But one tremendous bull took exception to being driven. He spun away from the others, saw us on the knoll, and charged.

He was coming at us on a downhill angle with the speed of an express train. Tom pulled his horse out of the way, I spurred Achmed off to reach the uphill side of the knoll, but Margot recklessly headed downhill.

Tom and I were safely out of the way, but it was evident that Margot was not. Her horse was racing with the speed of the wind, but the impetus of the bull's charge had given him greater momentum and he was fast gaining on her. I don't know what Tom and I thought we could do, but we tore after them.

I was half crying and shouting unintelligibly, and then I saw Bob and Lane racing for the bull, leaning far out of their saddles and whirling lariats over their heads. They tore in front of Achmed, almost shoulder to shoulder and right on the heels of the bull.

Margot's horse reached the kiawe bushes at that moment and tried to shy away. The bull shot into him, squarely in the middle, and Margot, the bull, and the horse rolled over into the bushes in a wild tangle.

What happened then was almost too fast to follow. Bob and Lane leaped over the flailing legs, their lariats slashing down and their horses rearing off into the brush. The two men hit the ground as one, their horses backed until the ropes were taut and then the bull was on his feet in the middle, Lane ducked under his wicked horns, scooped up Margot in one arm, and ran for my horse.

Bob hit the bull with his shoulder and a gleaming brush knife flashed in the air. Then he ran for his own horse, backed him around a koa tree, and snubbed the bull. But the great beast's head sagged and he went to his knees, a ripped jugular vein painting the ground red.

Lane tossed Margot into my arms, yelled, "Get uphill as fast as you can," and made for his own horse. He and Bob raced off to join the paniolos without another word. I stared after them in amazement, and then realised how dangerous it was to be on the ground with so many wild bulls around.

We cantered to a high spot above the woods, and Tom lifted Margot from my arms and placed her on the ground. Bob joined her at once and hastily examined her. She was not hurt, other than being badly stunned.

Lane rode over, and Margot ruefully smiled and said, "This would be my idea."

"It's a wonder," he barked, "that you weren't killed. Of course, you know you lost a good horse for us."

"Lane," I said, "you can talk about a horse—"

In the dim twilight we rode back to the ranch in the wake of the men herding in the wild cattle. Their cigarettes glowed before us and it was all very chummy, with Margot and myself practically in each other's arms on the one horse.

Just before reaching the ranch she turned to look at me and said, "Why don't you leave here? You're only going to do harm. There is nothing good you can do."

"I think I'm the better judge of that. But I wish you would do me a favor."

"I?" she laughed. "You must be crazy. But what is it you want?"

"All I want is for you to wait for developments without trying to force every issue. I have honestly been trying to solve matters in—"

"Bunk," she interrupted. "You've fallen in love with Lane and you're trying to work your way out of an unpleasant situation without injuring Bob. That, my dear, can't be done. You're going to hurt him no matter what you do. But behind the fear of hurting Bob is the fear of losing Lane."

"Now, Margot, really—"

"I didn't expect you to see it that way. Why don't you do yourself a favor and examine your own mind?"

I rode into the ranch grounds feeling suddenly miserable. It was entirely possible that she might be right—and that would be horrible. . .

The scientists had already arrived and were leaving the ranch to ascend the slopes of the volcano to make their studies. There were other people, too, from the mainland.

I peeked into the living-room. Some of the guests were there, but they were either reading, or staring off into space, or listening to news reports on the radio.

I tiptoed away to my room and felt an awful headache coming on, which a shower failed to relieve.

I sat before the mirror in negligee and ran a comb through my hair and tried, as Margot had said, to search my own mind. But the headache made that impossible and I nervously slammed down the comb on the glass top of the dresser. It bounced and spun off, knocking over a tiny bottle of perfume.

"Well, now, is that any way to act?"

I twisted about, and there was Lane standing in the doorway, one eyebrow cocked in an inquisitive manner and a tiny smile in his eyes.

"I knocked," he said, coming into the room, "but you were having an argument with yourself."

"I—I didn't hear you."

He dropped into a chair by my side, his lips thinned into a firm line, and he leaned forward and said, "Karen, I was just talking to Margot. I went to her room to see how she was. Shaken a bit, but she refused to go to bed and rest. Had something to say." He paused, his eyes rigidly fixed on mine, then continued, "She intimated that you would soon be leaving us." Bluntly he asked, "Is that true?"

SO, I thought, here it is, thrown into my lap at last. And Lane meant to force the issue and make me face it.

"Margot," I said, "has taken an unwarranted interest—"

"No," he coolly interrupted. "I wouldn't say unwarranted. She has her interests. But suppose we have this out, instead of dodging around like a couple of children."

"All right, Lane. What is there to say?"

He got up from the chair, and started pacing the floor. "Something's gone wrong. Things are not as— Karen, tell me, were you in love with Bob when you married him?"

I took a deep breath and said, "No. We took a chance and—"

"It didn't turn out the way you wanted?"

"No."

"And then?"

I could feel my control slipping, but there was no way of stopping it, and I cried, "Must I say it? Must you force me to say I fell in love with you? All right. I'm in love with you. You hear?"

In another moment I would have gone to pieces, but his hands were upon my shoulders and his face was close to mine and he was shaking me, and his fingers bit into my skin like steel talons.

I was so amazed that sanity came back in a flood, and I cried, "You're hurting me. Lane!"

His face was black and he hit out between clenched teeth, "Hurting you? Great heaven! Couldn't you let me go on thinking I was mistaken? Couldn't you lie about it? That's what I came here for—to hear you lie."

"You came for that?"

"Certainly. The reason I broke loose in Honolulu and intended to keep on going was because I thought how rotten I must be to imagine such a thing. It was there, but I felt it must be me, not you. I couldn't believe that. And then, that time in the pantry, I wanted you to know how I feel about Bob. Still I didn't believe it. But Margot—"

He was still shaking me, and I said, "Lane, I tried not to believe it, either. I tried to put it away. Heaven only knows I didn't want it. You believe that, don't you?"

The fire faded from his eyes and his hands slipped from my shoulders, though I could still feel the bite of those powerful fingers. He nodded, his eyes on the floor and his head sagging pitifully. "I guess it hasn't been pleasant. What is there to do?"

I held myself as tightly as possible, fighting the wild desire to be in his arms, and said, "Bob has to know, now. Then I'm leaving."

He looked at me and shook his head. "No, that's not fair. This island is your home, Karen, as much as it is ours. Don't do anything—yet. Give me time to think about it. I've been hiding from it, but now—"

"I don't know what good it would do. But if you want—"

He looked deeply into my eyes, and then he turned on his heel and abruptly walked out of the room. I stared at the door and felt nothing, nothing at all. It was like being suspended in a vacuum.

Then I though that if Lane could be strong enough to keep himself so well in hand, why, so could I. I went down to our guests with more assurance than I had felt in some time. It was now out of my hands. Lane could take care of it . . .

The top of the mountain blew off just as I reached the bottom of the stairs. It was literally just that. The stairs suddenly rocked, a violent shudder passed through the house, and I was pitched to my knees.

All the lights went out, and I straightened and groped my way to the banister and hung on. It was like being on a heaving ship. The house rocked and groaned, and I could hear small objects, and some not so small, falling all about me. Then the violent shocks were over as quickly as they had begun and the lights flashed back on.

I was at the bottom of the stairs, facing the entrance of the living-room. A dozen or so of our guests were standing in the middle of the floor as rigid as statues. Bob was running for the hallway. His face was white. "Karen, are you all right."

I found my voice and nodded, "I'm all right."

I looked up to the top of the volcano and simply blinked at the enormity of the spectacle. The lip of the crater had blown away on our side, and there was a deep red plume shooting straight up into the sky for thousands of feet. Below the fresh gash was a small cone that had opened in the side of the mountain and was spouting liquid lava hundreds of feet into the air. Above everything was a tremendous black and grey cloud of smoke, ashes, and pumice.

Bob whispered, as if he had been in a cathedral. "These quakes will stop in a short while. The eruption will ease the pressure of the gases underneath. Then it won't be so bad." He pressed his lips together and said, "I wonder where the flow will be?"

It was possible, I suddenly realised, for a fissure to open under our very feet. I put that thought away quickly.

To be continued.

Animal Antics

"I told you that book would influence your work!"

Radio brings you half-an-hour in which to relax to lovely music

Passing By

Presented by an orchestra of 32 players, conducted by Montague Brearley, with star soloists, and John Nugent Hayward as compere

EVERY WEDNESDAY 8 p.m.

"Calling the Stars"

Now heard as a full hour of comedy and melody

EVERY FRIDAY 8 to 9 p.m.

Radio's most challenging broadcast . . .

"YOUTH SPEAKS"

Now heard

EVERY FRIDAY 7.30 p.m.

2GB

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4720838

Bride of a Lancer

Continued from page 2

THEN there was another sound, a sharper, more staccato buzz, the angry engines of British fighters hunting their kill. Out they went, sizzling across the sea. But the raiders must have turned tail, for the noise of their engines had already faded from the air.

More dead and dying: another skipper with a grin on his face and stomach full of lead. Mary felt she would be sick. And Gerald had been speaking of Simla, something about the life of Simla being fun.

They started to walk down the hill. Before they came to the row of cottages where the town began, Gerald stopped and asked her the question he had every right to ask.

"Why——" he said in a close, tight voice. "But—why—?"

Mary looked straight ahead of her. "I'm not going to marry you because—because I find the man I really love is Peter."

It worked even better than she had imagined. From a swift glance at Gerald's tense face, she knew he believed her.

"I hope you will be happy always," he said. "Peter is a fine fellow. There's only one thing, I hope you don't mind if I leave to-morrow by the early train . . . I don't think I could——"

He didn't finish the sentence. He just pressed her hands very tightly, and touched them with his lips and turned into the darkness.

Next morning Mary was up early and watched his train wind round the glen. Gerald was on it all right. Donald the porter had told her so. Now that he had gone from her for ever she sat among the heather, and as she warned Peter—she cried.

She was shaken from her dazed misery by a voice that was quite a long way off. Hastily she wiped her eyes, to greet Peter, a small figure in the distance, stumping through the heather.

When he arrived, and sat down by her side, he did not comment on her woebegone expression.

"Have a cigarette?" he held his case to her, and added, "Silly girl."

A lump rose in her throat. Dear Peter . . .

"Now what's the trouble between you two?" he went on. "You'll feel much better if you tell me, you know."

So Mary told him everything. It would never call Gerald back, but still it helped her troubled mind.

When it was all over, Peter sat looking at her with a little smile on his face. Then he filled his pipe slowly.

"Where d'you say this place was—Zamrat?" he asked at length.

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "Yes. Zamrat, but what does it matter now—Simla, Peshawar or Zamrat, they all mean nothing to me and never will."

Peter raised his eyebrows and said with a little laugh, "Amazing ignorance the girl has, amazing. Perhaps Goebbels is right, we don't deserve an Empire."

"What's so amazing about Zamrat?" asked Mary.

"Listen, child," he leant forward and took her fingers in his gloved hand. "You know I was a soldier before I returned to the family business here?"

"A very good soldier, I'm told," Mary smiled at last.

"I don't suppose I was braver or more cowardly than the next man, but I must say I lost my nerve on one occasion. I was moved up to a place on the North-West Frontier. H.Q. was a verminous old fort built about a hundred years ago. You talked about Simla and its dances. Well, there were no dances there, I can tell you.

"We used to go out on patrol into those mountain passes, and give those tribesmen a chance to indulge in their national sport—sniping. They used to pick off about three men a day. You never read about it in the papers, but it happened every day, and there's nothing to be done about it but carry on with the job. After a while you even stopped wondering if you'd be the next man."

Peter paused, looked across the harbor, and then placed his gloved hand on hers.

"I've always told you I wear this glove to cover a gunshot wound. That isn't strictly true, but it's an easy way of explaining things. Actually, the fingers of this glove are stuffed with cotton-wool. You see, when I was taken prisoner, the tribesmen decided I was worth a ransom. First of all they cut off my thumb.

"They sent it to the C.O. with the message that more would follow if he didn't pay up quickly. Then they cut off my index finger and sent that the next day. Unfortunately my patrol had moved off and the messenger had some difficulty finding them. By the time he did contact them the devils had chopped off all the fingers of my right hand, one by one.

"They were just going to start on my left hand when the ransom money arrived."

He was silent a moment, then he went on:

"If you want to know my idea of a hero, Mary, I'd say it's those poor devils stationed in Waziristan. But they don't complain. Nor do their wives. Why, I've even heard people in other countries say they envied their life of luxury! Some girls in Maadhui, for instance, get quite a wrong idea where their duty lies."

They were both silent while the gulls called mournfully over their heads.

Finally Peter said: "So you see, for us British, there's pain and courage and suffering for sale in other parts of the world. By the way, the weekly plane leaves London for Lisbon in two days' time. You could join Gerald's troopship at Gibraltar if you wanted to."

Mary's face was flushed now, the early sunshine glowed in deep red tints in her hair. She took Peter's poor hand in hers, drawing off the glove and holding it closely in her own.

"I shall remember you," she said, "always and always."

The fishermen were coming in from their night of horror on the sea. Some limping, others supported by their comrades. But they were singing . . . singing in defiance of the men who had wounded them.

And Mary knew that here was a race that could never be conquered. She was proud to be one of them, in whatever corner of a foreign land her love and duty called.

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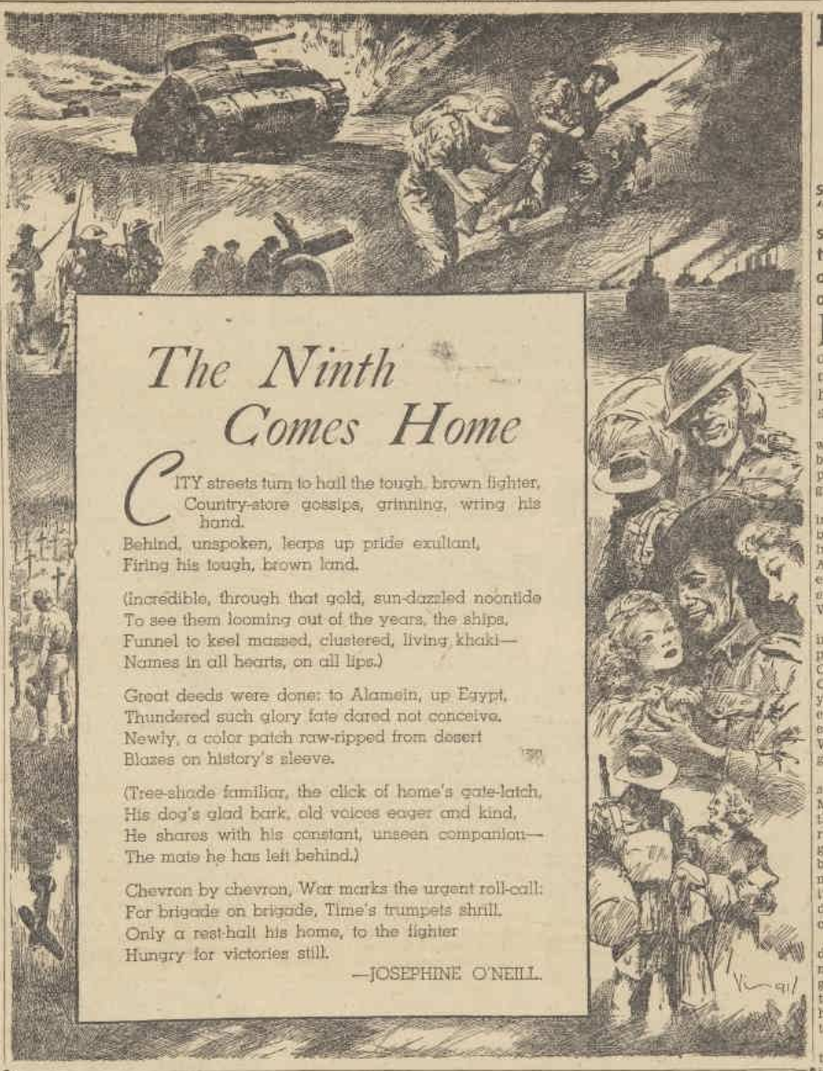

The Ninth Comes Home

CITY streets turn to hail the tough, brown fighter,
Country-store gossips, grinning, wring his hand.
Behind, unspoken, leaps up pride exultant,
Firing his tough, brown land.

(Incredible, through that gold, sun-dazzled noontide
To see them looming out of the years, the ships,
Funnel to keel massed, clustered, living khaki—
Names in all hearts, on all lips.)

Great deeds were done: to Alamein, up Egypt,
Thundered such glory fate dared not conceive.
Newly, a color patch raw-ripped from desert
Blazes on history's sleeve.

(Tree-shade familiar, the click of home's gate-latch,
His dog's glad bark, old voices eager and kind,
He shares with his constant, unseen companion—
The mate he has left behind.)

Chevron by chevron, War marks the urgent roll-call:
For brigade on brigade, Time's trumpets shrill.
Only a rest-halt his home, to the fighter
Hungry for victories still.

—JOSEPHINE O'NEILL.

"Australian girls best in the world"

Continued from page 13

"THE Italian prisoners gave themselves up in hundreds," a gunner said. "They drove in in crowded vehicles, and the drivers would ask to go back and get more.

"At one point, though, the Ities did stand and fight. That was at Tomson's Post, where they fought with fixed bayonets and inflicted heavy casualties on our troops."

"It was worth going half way round the world and back to know the Aussie girls are the best in the world," said a Queensland sergeant, who has travelled 56,000 miles to England, South Africa, Tobruk, Syria, and Egypt, and home again.

"There are no other girls in the world to touch them. They look so fresh and pretty in their bright summer dresses," he said.

A young corporal was very impressed with the girls in uniform. "They all look fine," he said, "but I think the A.W.A.S. is the smartest uniform."

Among these three-chevron veterans are many soldiers who have been overseas for perhaps two or two and a half years.

These modestly call themselves "reos" — reinforcements — though they have been through much of the fighting that their three-year comrades were in.

In many homes, fathers met new additions to their families for the first time.

Dozens of girls were married to their soldier sweethearts within twenty-four hours of their return.

Mothers and wives have been surprised at the small amount of food their soldiers eat. We had all expected they would eat enormous meals.

But they explain that they have become so accustomed to iron rations that, although they are eager to sample home cooking again, they will have to get used to it gradually.

The radiant confidence of the 9th Division, their shining pride, their lean, tanned fitness, and their high spirits have given our hearts a tremendous lift.

Now that we have had them with us for a little while, we have time to regret that, because of the war situation, the divisions which returned earlier could not be given the same joyous welcome.

Radio Show to help War Loan

The "Australia Story" presented in place of the usual "Calling the Stars" from station 2GB in support of the Austerity Loan is to have a second instalment in aid of the Third Liberty Loan.

IT is now being prepared by Jack Davey, at the request of the Commonwealth Government, and will urge wholehearted support for the present loan.

Unlike the first "Australia Story," which was heard in two half-hour broadcasts, the second will be presented as a full hour's programme.

The reason for this is that "Calling the Stars," which has hitherto been given in the form of two half-hour programmes, will from Friday, April 2, be put over as a full hour's entertainment from 8 to 9 o'clock every Friday night, instead of on Wednesday and Thursday nights.

The "Australia Story" will tell in drama, music, and song another portion of the story of Australia. Opening in the jungles of New Guinea, it will go back over the years to present outstanding episodes in the lives of Australia's early heroes . . . Governor Phillip, William Charles Wentworth . . . great explorers and statesmen.

The dramatic highlight will be the story of Flight-Sergeant Ron. H. Middleton, V.C., a young pilot who, though seriously injured during a raid on the Fiat works at Turin, guided his badly damaged plane back to England so that his crew might land safely, and then took it out to sea that he might not cause damage to life or property in the crash-landing that had to be made.

Although Australia's leading dramatic stars, singers, and musicians will take part in this programme, no names will be mentioned in the broadcast. Listeners, however, will not fail to recognise the majority of the artists.

It is hoped that the second "Australia Story" will play a big part in encouraging listeners to get solidly behind the Third Liberty Loan.

With the change-over of "Calling the Stars," the alterations to the Friday night programme on 2GB will be as follows: 7 o'clock News; 7.15, Music-Box Memories; 7.30, "Youth Speaks"; 8 o'clock, "Calling the Stars"; and 9 o'clock, "Over Here." Listeners will thus hear one half-hour and two full-hour programmes in the same evening.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every Day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 31: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

Thursday, April 1 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

Friday, April 2: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.

Saturday, April 3: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Conjects."

Sunday, April 4 (from 4.35 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "First of All, It's Music."

Monday, April 5: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

Tuesday, April 6: Musical Alphabet.

The Desert Truck Driver

TROOPS home from the Middle East tell this strange story:

Two trucks were sent to deliver ammunition to a desert outpost.

They had to cross a heavily-sown minefield, and the driver of the first truck followed a mapped route. The second truck was to follow it closely, but owing to engine trouble it dropped behind.

The first truck reached its destination safely, the men climbed out, and saw the other truck in the middle of the minefield many dangerous yards off the route. They watched tensely, expecting any minute it would be "curtains" for the lost truck.

They were mystified when the truck stopped suddenly, then set out again on a circuitous course across the minefield.

It arrived safely, and as it pulled up the driver leaned out and said, "Thanks, Digger . . . Where's he gone?"

"Where's who gone?" the other truck team asked.

"A chap stopped us back there," he explained, "told us he was there when the minefield was laid, and offered to show me the way through. He jumped on the running-board and guided me."

The driver's mate confirmed his story.

There was a moment's awed silence.

"We watched you all the way. There was no one on the running-board . . ." said one of the other team.

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AFTER CEREMONY. Captain Stephen Foley, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Sister Lindsay Cameron, A.I.F., leaving Sacred Heart Church, Randwick. They met when both on staff of St. Vincent's Hospital. Lindsay's home is in Mudgee.

V.A.'S BACK FROM MIDDLE EAST visit The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen. From left: Hazel Hawkins (Gympie), Barbara McEvoy (Broken Hill), and Eileen Baker (Brisbane).

On and Off Duty.

MILITARY WEDDING. Lieut. Kenneth McEwen, A.I.F., weds pretty Helen James at St. James' Church. Bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. James, of Mackay, Queensland, and bridegroom is son of Dr. and Mrs. Bruce McEwen, Bathurst.

AT CANBERRA. Mr. C. A. Berendsen, new High Commissioner for N.Z. in Australia, with Mrs. Berendsen and acting-secretary, Mr. C. A. Sharpe.

STAUNCH Red Cross workers are well to fore at opening of new craft hut at Red Cross centre at 113th A.G.H. at week-end.

Hut is great satisfaction for Mrs. Anne Gillmore Rees, director of the craft centre. Up till now patients learning various crafts have had to work in basement under recreation hall.

New hut is large, 70 feet by 30, well-lit, and fitted with benches, store and library, as well as office for supervisor.

Opening ceremony performed by Mr. George Patterson, chairman of Rehabilitation Committee, which does so much good work helping our returned men to find their way back to civilian life.

Establishment of hut is due to generous contribution of £1300 by well-known city business firm.

• • •

FOR her wedding to Sergeant Colin O'Donnell, A.I.F., June Bates chooses Riverview Chapel for the ceremony, as bridegroom is an "old boy" of the College.

June, who is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bates, of Mosman, is attended by her sister Betty, and bridegroom, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Donnell, of Mosman, is attended by brother, Pte. Gerard O'Donnell, A.I.F.

After the ceremony there is a small family reception at home of bride's parents.

• • •

QUIET wedding for Bess Scott when she marries Gunner Alan Coy, back from service overseas with A.I.F.

Ceremony takes place at St. Matthew's, Manly.

Bride, who is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Scott, of Ivanhoe, Bogabilla, was well-known rider at the Royal Show in exciting camp-drafting events.

Her husband is youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Coy, of South Creek, Mortlake, Victoria.

AT MERCHANT NAVY CLUB. Voluntary workers prepare lunch. Front row, from left: Mesdames M. F. Read, E. Johnston, E. Seguss. Rear: Mesdames A. Brien, A. Aucher, Miss Joan Reeder, Mesdames W. T. Hooper and L. G. Davenport.

OPENING of new Youth Hostel at Little Marley brings crowds of National Fitness enthusiasts down winding, bumpy bush track to new hostel in National Park grounds.

Pipe-smoking Government Architect, Mr. Cobden Parkes, surveys green-shuttered hostel with pride, as he and his department built it in record time.

Education Minister Clive Evatt, who brings small daughter Penelope, makes speech as first hikers to stay in hostel come through trees to the clearing after four-mile walk from Bundina.

LEAVING wedding reception held at her mother's home, Macleay Regis, Potts Point, Mrs. John Norris hands her orchid and orange-blossom bridal spray to school friend, Nuttie Kennedy, who will marry Captain Monty Arnold, A.I.F., on his next leave, probably at the end of April.

Mrs. Norris, formerly Betty Evans, married Lieutenant Norris, A.I.F., at St. Canice's Church, Roslyn Gardens, Rev. Father McCosker officiating.

• • •

"WORKING hard to make great success of performance of 'Messiah' by Royal Philharmonic Society at Town Hall, on April 17," so Joan Bryce tells me.

Member of the Red Cross Headquarters Younger Set, she has big job of organising concert which Lady Wakehurst hopes to attend.

• • •

ENGAGEMENT is announced this week of Eileen Giblett and Sergeant Raymond MacKenzie, A.I.F.

Eileen is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Giblett, of Sydney, and her fiance is the second son of the late Mr. R. M. MacKenzie and of Mrs. MacKenzie, of Bondi.

• • •

TO celebrate her daughter Enid's first wedding anniversary, Mrs. B. B. Boardman gives party at Romano's for Enid and her husband, Captain Sherwood Hansman, A.A.M.C.

As special treat, Mrs. Boardman makes cake, with one candle, for the party.

Betty

Heard Around TOWN

FOUR days after Captain Allan Waters returns from overseas he marries Joan Trood at St. Andrew's, Brighton.

He is son of Mrs. I. A. Waters, Yootha Park, Baulkham Hills, and she the daughter of late Dr. Trood and Mrs. S. D. Trood, Brighton, Victoria.

Fellow-officers from same unit, Captain Tony Muston and Major Alan Overall, are best man and groomsman.

Honeymoon at Wrest Point, Hobart.

When Allan leaves to rejoin regiment, Joan stays with her mother in Melbourne.

• • •

PRETTY Yvonne Izatt married Warrant-Officer Don Cameron, R.A.A.F., at St. Stephen's Church.

Bride, who is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Izatt, of Maroubra, wears Old-World gown of white cobweb lace.

Her sister Roslyn and Eileen Pyke are bridesmaids.

• • •

JOANNE WOOLCOCK and Major Alec Simpson are making plans for their marriage on April 29 at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point.

Alec hails from Hamilton, Victoria.

• • •

CONGRATULATIONS to ardent war worker Mrs. W. G. Innes, of Condobolin. In the last two years she has made more than 200 camouflage nets for the Red Cross.

Quite a record when one considers that she is aged 84 years.

SOLDIER WEDS. Pte. Robert Dale, A.I.F., returned, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Dale, Bellevue Hill, marries pretty Morna Darby in Adelaide. Bride is daughter of Mrs. L. M. Darby, of Toorak.

MELBOURNE MARRIAGE. Major Phillip Vernon, of Warrawee, and his bride, formerly Sheila Hall, of Lane Cove, marry at St. Andrew's Church, Brighton.

TRUSTEE. Mrs. H. V. Evatt, wife of Attorney-General, first woman to be made trustee of N.S.W. Art Gallery, photographed at recent art show.

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To greet those first brisk autumn days

These flattering dressmaker suits are made from remnants

• Sophisticated jacket frock made on slender lines. The pale blue skirt and sleeves are cleverly offset with a dark blue bodice and kindled with red shoes and felt toque. (Left.)

• A figure-hugging skirt in deep wine, beglamored with a long-torso jacket of mushroom-pink margined with a broad band of wine. An audacious forward-tilted toque of the pink wool completes the outfit. (Below.)

• Willowy-green skirt topped by a casually tailored and slightly bloused purple jacket with matching green sleeves. With it an amusing green topper banded in purple. (Left.)

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FORD PILLS prevent constipation and the congestion that causes women needless pain and misery. Ford Pills contain concentrated extracts that provide the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

In Red-and-Gold Unbreakable Tubes 2/6 and 1/- Everywhere

FC2

FORD PILLS

More Board of Trade Patterns

fortuna cloth

These patterns are obtainable from our Pattern Dept., see P. 24, or Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney.

F7.—Button-down-front frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 2/7.

F4.—Sophisticated style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 2/7.

F19.—Smart tailored coat, 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 2/7.

F10.—Immaculate coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 2/7.

F33.—Chic blouse and skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds. for blouse, and 2yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 2/7.

ANNOUNCE THE OPENING OF

A BRAND NEW SHOE REPAIR FACTORY

Mileage—more, more mileage—from each pair of shoes you own is the only way to spin out your money—and your coupons.

To give you that extra mileage, Macnaughts have opened a brand spanking new Repair Factory.

Macnaughts have always been proud of the fact that every Macnaught-fitted shoe has been made by the finest craftsmen from the best quality materials.

Consequently the new factory is staffed by craftsmen only, and uses only the best equipment.

Thus you are pre-assured that a Macnaught Repair job will be a job well done.

Special provision, incidentally, has been made to repair shoes by all well-known Shoemakers:

SELBY, JOYCE, BEDGGOOD, PARKER AND ALL IMPORTED SHOES

NOTE TO COUNTRY CUSTOMERS—Send your Repairs to Macnaughts. We'll quote for work required.

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JOIN THE A.W.A.S. as a SIGNAL-WOMAN

● The Australian Corps of Signals wants Signalwomen urgently. The work is interesting AND important. No previous experience is necessary. As long as you are between the ages of 18 and 45—and are willing to learn—you can apply. But don't forget. The need is URGENT..

Vacancies also exist in all branches of the Australian Women's Army Service for girls and women who are physically fit and between the ages of 18 and 45, as Ambulance Drivers, Motor Drivers, Cooks, Clerks, Typists, etc.

Good pay and conditions. Free Medical and Dental attention. Applicants must not be disappointed however, if, in the national interest, they are not enlisted because of the importance of their present employment.

GET INTO KHAKI—ENLIST NOW IN THE

A·W·A·S

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE

● *THE SERVICE THAT IS "UNIFORMLY" SMART!*

FURTHER PARTICULARS FROM THE ASSISTANT CONTROLLER OF THE A.W.A.S. AT YOUR NEAREST CAPITAL CITY or at the AREA OFFICE in the Local Drill Hall.

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WOOL GATHERING...

A YOUNG and ultra-flattering black felt beret with an interesting double-accordion crown. It is stitched in scarlet and beglamored with a scarlet wool plait and long tassel hanging over one shoulder.

MAYBE YOU CAN'T YODEL, but you can transform a high-crowned black felt bonnet to look like a dashing Tyrolean topper. The beige-crocheted band looks very cute and keeps the hat comfortably in place. This is a simple and very effective way to bring new life to your hats.

CONSIDER wool for tonic touches . . . treasure those odd skeins of blazing primary colors and dewy, heart-melting pastels tumbled together in your work-basket, because they are the newest enthusiasm of the leading designers.

Those deft wool accents can make the most dejected ensemble look like careless millions . . . They are guaranteed to put a covetous glint in your eye, if it's an eye for momentous fashions.

By PEG McCARTNEY

Take a look at the two fetching little hats photographed on this page. They are guaranteed to awaken quick longings in that feminine heart of yours, yet they are both last season's models cleverly pepped up with wool garnishings. There are countless ways to transform your hats with left-over skeins of wool. For instance, one bright young thing I know worked miracles with a little matador hat of soft fir-green felt by trimming it with matching wool looped around the crown.

Wool pompons and tassels in hectic multi-colors are the trimmings favored by smart young budgeteers. They make a cheery appearance on topcoats, on hats, as the edgings on peplums and pockets, and around boleros and frock hems.

Small, bunchy tassels in double row are being worn as epaulets, while single larger tassels replace buttons and cuff links, and are used on shoe-laces instead of tags.

Experiment with delicate little angora collars in soft, dreamy pastels—as flattering as fresh flowers at your throat—or a staccato silver of white brush wool at the neck and wrists of a suave black wool frock.

Bright, cobwebby wool scarves, knitted on enormous needles and as much as a foot wide, provide a perfect pick-me-up for sober frocks. They are knotted tie-fashion under the collar and the ends hang free to the waist.

Stockings steal more coupons than almost anything else in the wardrobe. One of the reasons why thick, gally-colored, hand-knitted wool stockings have leapt to sudden popularity overseas is because girls realised they could look very charming and save their coupons.

These wool stockings are very attractive, but only for sylphs, need I say? On the chilliest winter day they are grand to wear with your slacks, so that only a scrap of vivid scarlet, blue, or green is allowed to show—a suspicion of color that is picked up by a scarf, turban, and wool gloves.

Wool anklets in ribbed knit and fitting closely round the ankle over the stocking are blissfully warm, and look very chic with tweedy togs.

Wool gloves with rolled wrists are most popular in scarlet or emerald. In smooth wools they are embroidered across the back of the hands, while fluffy wool gloves are ornamented with large bead bracelets or brightly-colored tassels dangling from the wrists.

Eye-dazzling little scraps of wool are the sparks that will fire your 'tween-season wardrobe . . . giddy splashes of color that make you feel very gay and challenging, and a little pixilated by your own charm.

Soothes Skin irritations

The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

BUY SANFORIZED SHRUNK
Cottons - Tweeds - Drills
GARMENTS BEARING THE SANFORIZED LABEL WILL NOT SHRINK
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Asthma Agony Curbed Quickly

Mendaco, proven prescription for Asthma, quickly starts relief, easing breathing—building new vitality, that you may sleep soundly all night.
Ask for guaranteed
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From chemists everywhere.
Two sizes: 6/- and 12/-.
GUARANTEED FOR ASTHMA.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
and Keep Feeling Fit
TAKE CARTERS Little Liver Pills
It takes good old Carters Little Liver Pills to get your bile working and make you feel up and up.
Price 1/3.
Distributors:
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Today's sacrifice is tomorrow's Victory!

Victory can only be achieved by the combined effort of the men who fight in the face of the enemy and the people who remain at home to work and serve each in his own way. And there is no service without some sacrifice. That is where *your* duty lies. To save, and for the time being to sacrifice all those things which are not absolutely essential . . . to lend *all* you can that Australia may emerge victorious from the struggle, that you may have your savings to spend as you will in the peaceful post-war years!

So come on Australia! Save and serve and sacrifice...and invest ALL you can in the

THIRD
LIBERTY LOAN
£100,000,000

Bonds are £10 each and in multiples of £10. Two kinds of Bonds are available:—
1. 2½% interest a year—redeemable 1948.
2. 3½% interest a year—redeemable 1959.
You can pay for your Bonds as follows:—
1. Outright.
2. 10% on application and the remainder in one or three instalments payable before July 10, 1943.
3. 10% on application and in 9 consecutive monthly instalments payable on or before the 10th of each month from May, 1943, to January, 1944, inclusive.
Interest starts on money paid from the date of payment. Bonds are realisable in case of need.
Buy Bonds from any Bank, Savings Bank, Stockbroker or Money Order Post Office.
LOAN CLOSES APRIL 20th, 1943.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F3291. — Trim all-occasions frock with shirtmaker bodice and softly pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3370.—Perfect little suit for dinner date, with charming contrast in pockets and buttons. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3339.—Attractive afternoon frock for matron, with interesting neckline and slim-making skirt. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4¼yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3358. — Flattering cross-over bodice and graceful skirt interpreted in sheer. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¼yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Needlework Notions

SO that you may brighten up your dressing-table our needlework expert has designed a most charming duchesse set (note the above sketch).

The sweet pansy motifs are traced on to crisp, lovely organdie in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue; also white.

Set comprises large centre and two side mats, price 3/11, plus 3½d. postage.

When ordering, please quote No. 346.

PINAFORE FROCK

DO note the sweet pinafore frock (No. 345) shown right.

This comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on linette in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, coffee; also white. The blouse is not included, nor is the rick-rack braid. The latter is given as a suggested trimming.

Size 1-2 years, price 5/11. Plus 4½d. postage and 4 coupons.

Size 2-4 years, 6/3. Plus 4½d. postage and 4 coupons.

Size 4-6 years, 6/11. Plus 4½d. postage and 5 coupons.

Paper pattern only costs 1/4.

LITTLE BOY'S SUIT

THIS snappy little suit (No. 344) is available now. The pattern is traced clearly on a hard-wearing material of linen finish called linette, in attractive shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, coffee, also white, ready to cut and sew.

Size 1 to 2 years, price 5/11. Plus 4½d. postage and 4 coupons.

Size 2 to 4 years, price 6/11. Plus 4½d. postage and 4 coupons.

Size 4 to 6 years, price 7/11. Plus 4½d. postage and 5 coupons.

Paper pattern only costs 1/4.

F2554.—Trimly tailored pyjamas for ten to sixteen-year-olds. Requires 5¼yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Fashion Frock Service

"CAROLE"

Attractively Tailored Washing Frock.

HERE is a crisp, dainty washing frock to freshen up your wardrobe for those last days of summer. **"CAROLE"** is a tailored style with an interesting well - shaped bodice, three - quarter sleeves, and a softly-gored skirt. It is made of eyelet linene in lemon, green, pink, blue, and white.

Sizes 32, 34-inch bust: Ready to wear, 43/9 (13 coupons); cut out only, 35/11 (13 coupons).

Sizes 36, 38, and 40-inch bust: Ready to wear, 49/11 (13 coupons); cut out only, 37/6 (13 coupons).

Postage, 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain **"CAROLE."** In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given at left. When ordering be sure to state bust measurements and name of model.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

TRIM SKIRTS AND AN ATTRACTIVE PINAFORE.

36, 38, and 40-INCH HIPS

No. 1: Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2: Requires 3yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3: Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 491G G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 3/4/'43.

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POCKET THE SAVING!

Save on dentifrice too, and pocket the change. You get over ¼-lb. of the finest tooth paste, free from grit and waste, in the large tube of

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

Every atom does a grand cleaning job. That's why you need less on the brush, and why a tube lasts so long. And it's the *only* dentifrice that contains the antiseptic oils of LISTERINE itself.

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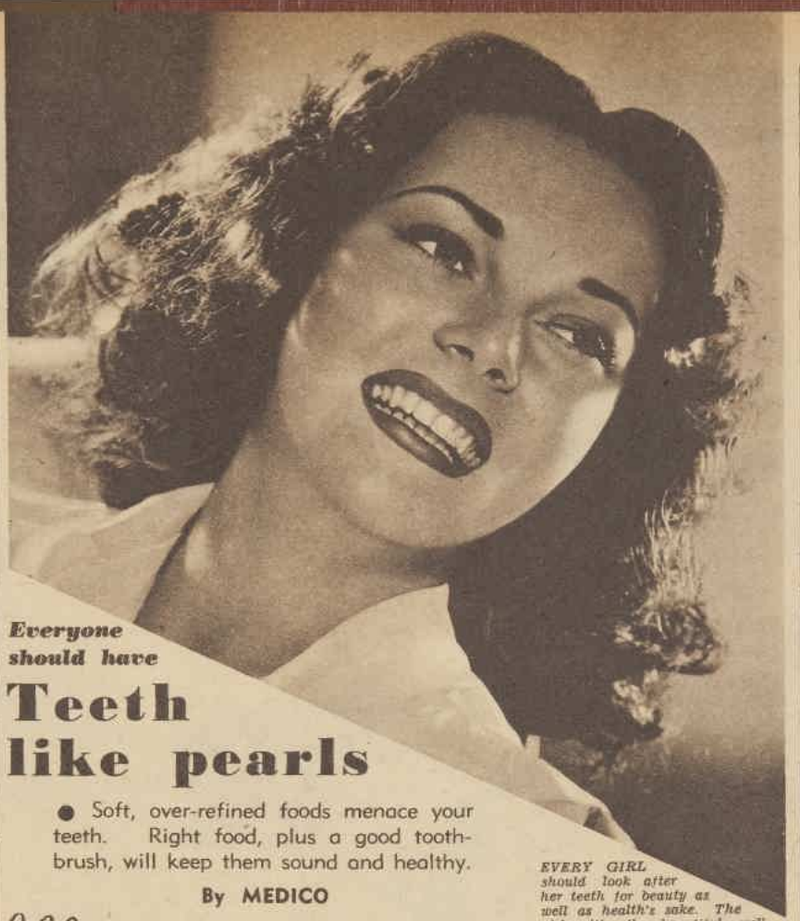
Burning Dandruff itch and scaling is a germ infection. Remove the cause, kill the germ with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

IF YOU SUFFER FROM
Leg Pains, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nerviness, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Get

Cystex

In 2 sizes — 4/-, 8/-.
FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE
GUARANTEED FOR KIDNEYS, BLADDER, RHEUMATISM.



Everyone should have

Teeth like pearls

● Soft, over-refined foods menace your teeth. Right food, plus a good toothbrush, will keep them sound and healthy.

By MEDICO

MY niece, Helen, had been rather dismayed after a visit to the dentist—the first for 18 months I may add—to find that she had five large cavities. And, like all young people, she wanted to know the reason why.

"I thought a clean tooth never got holes in it!" she said, fixing me with an accusing eye. "And I do clean my teeth; in fact, I am rather proud of them!"

"I know," I replied soothingly, "but this slogan about a clean tooth never decaying is the most misleading that has ever been invented."

It all depends on what you call a "clean tooth," and that doesn't mean cleaning your teeth three times a day. It's quite true that some which have never been cleaned show no signs of decay, but that doesn't mean that it's better not to clean your teeth. Besides ruining your appearance, dirty teeth are the cause of a bad breath, and irritate the cheeks and tongue.

It was proved as far back as 1890 that decay was caused by an acid that forms in the mouth with the help of sugar. When this acid comes in contact with the enamel for several hours, it causes it to weaken and so opens the way for germs that are ever in the mouth to make straight for the soft dentine that is underneath.

Of course, this acid cannot get a foothold on the large surfaces of the teeth. They are protected by the constant movement of the lips, cheeks and tongue. But the tiny pits and fissures and the spaces between the teeth are just the right places for these acids to do their work.

We are what we eat

SO it can be seen that the cause of cavities is closely linked up with the foods we eat. The average diet these days consists mainly of soft, over-refined foods which give the teeth neither exercise nor the elements necessary for making and keeping them sound and healthy.

If more foundation foods were eaten, like milk, meat, eggs, butter, cheese, fruit, and salad vegetables and wholemeal bread, teeth would be better able to resist decay. Milk is particularly important for teeth, as it supplies the needed lime.

But the foundations for strong, healthy teeth cannot be laid in the teen age. They go as far back as the expectant mother.

Once we have our teeth all we can do is to give them the best of care to keep them clean with a good diet and a good toothbrush. But just as no amount of plaster or paint on the outside of a house can make up for weakness in the foundations, so nothing we can do to the outside of a tooth can make up for weakness in the structure of a tooth.

EVERY GIRL should look after her teeth for beauty as well as health's sake. The girl with the beautiful, well-cared-for teeth, shown above, is Alma Carroll, Columbia star.

FOR GOOD HEALTH

To be healthy, you must keep free from constipation. NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant-tasting laxative, relieves constipation overnight. FIGSEN acts gently, yet thoroughly—no pain—no stomach upsets. NYAL FIGSEN is sold only by qualified chemists—1/3 a bottle.

NYAL FIGSEN
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

TINEA
SURFER'S FOOT

Treat this insidious, stubborn infection thoroughly with new greaseless absorbent deep-tissue cream—FLEXIBAR OINTMENT—new formula containing TI-TROL, designed to penetrate deep—quickly and safely.

Directions: For SURFER'S FOOT, TINEA, and SKIN TROUBLES — bathe clean in warm water, apply Flexibar freely night and morning — rub in where possible.

For SUNBURN, apply Flexibar Ointment liberally—repeat as required. For CUTS, WOUNDS: Bathe out all dirt—when bleeding ends apply Flexibar on clean dressing-pad, bandage gently but firmly on to wound. Repeat daily. For SORE, HOT, SWOLLEN FEET: Soak feet, ankles in hot water, massage Flexibar liberally until absorbed.

FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 379 Kent Street, Sydney, or 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

CUTEX
MANICURE PREPARATIONS
●
EMERY BOARDS

Cutex Emery Boards are preferable to steel files because they are safe to use on the most delicate nail, and do not need pressure for shaping.

An Apology

From W. G. HEARNE & CO. LTD.

If you are experiencing any difficulty in obtaining . . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE
or **HEARNE'S GLO-RUB . . .**

we tender you our humblest apologies.

We assure you that we are doing our utmost to meet a situation due entirely to the troublous times through which we are all passing just now. As soon as we are able, we will overtake what is at present an abnormal demand for our Proprietaries.

Laboratories at Geelong & Sydney.

What would you do?

ALLEYNE LESLIE gives her answers to 3 teasers

Q: Sally's getting married one day soon. At the reception where should she spend most of her time —
1. With her girl friends, telling 'em how it feels to be a bride?
2. Wise-cracking with the males?
3. Beside THE man?
4. Getting to know the guests she hasn't met before?

A: Sally, you belong right by his side! Make sure, mighty sure—your complexion can stand all the attention it'll get. Begin now to pat in Erasmic Cold Cream nightly. See how well this luscious cream cleanses; how quickly it gives a milk and roses complexion!

Q: He's smart and dashing and seems to like you — though you've only just met at a friend's party. When you say goodnight would you —
1. Invite him home for cocktails some time soon?
2. Get your friend to arrange another get-together quickly?
3. Do nothing, hoping he'll ring up later and ask you to go some place?

A: No. 3 is correct. But you won't even have to worry your head about the answer if you make your skin so caressable he can't resist it! Always put your powder over a flattering foundation of Erasmic Vanishing Cream.

Q: Jill and Sue are friends. Jill's steady "heart-throb" has invited Sue out on a solo date. Should she —
1. Get all the fun while it's going?
2. Arrange a foursome, including Jill and another male?
3. Politely but firmly decline?

A: Head him off as graciously as you can, my dear. And tactfully suggest to your friend that she might like Erasmic Cold and Vanishing Creams. They'll give her skin such a sweet velvety look and feel, the wandering boy won't want to swap her for the pick of Hollywood!

ERASMIC CREAMS in tubes and jars
1/2

E.26.260

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You'll want to try them all!

● Good, home-tested recipes once again carry off cash prizes in our popular cookery contest. Send us your favorite —win a prize; let others enjoy it, too.

WHOLEMEAL Fruit Cake wins first prize of £1 for Mrs. Winderlich, of Tarrington. For those who prefer a sweeter cake, add 6oz. of sugar to the butter and cream well.

A health loaf suggestion by Mrs. Swanson wins a consolation prize. This dish could be served hot with a brown gravy or cold with salad. We would recommend it, also, as a sandwich spread.

Bananas are used as flavorings for two other prizewinners. Hot as a steamed pudding and cold as a meringue pie.

WE'VE called it Polka Dot Chiffon Pie. A biscuit pastry case for the foundation. Fill with lemon cheese and garnish with whipped cream on meringue and peeled grapes. It's a warm weather special.

WHOLEMEAL FRUIT CAKE
(without sugar)

Half-pound sultanas, ½lb. raisins, ½lb. currants, ½lb. dates, a little cut peel, ½ cup almonds, 3 eggs, 1 large cup milk, 12oz. wholemeal flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, ½lb. butter, ½ teaspoon salt.

Line tin with buttered paper. Cream butter, add eggs, well beaten (yolks and whites separately), add milk gradually, then fruit, almonds, and peel. Have flour, cream of tartar, soda, and salt mixed together and sift into mixture.

Mix thoroughly and lightly with wooden spoon or the hand. Decorate with few almonds on top. Bake in moderate oven for two hours. This cake keeps very well.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. O. A. Winderlich, Tarrington, via Hamilton, Vic.

STEAMED BANANA PUDDING

One breakfast cup banana (mashed), 1 breakfast cup mixed fruit, 1 breakfast cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, ½ cup cold water.

Mash bananas, beat in egg and sugar, and beat well together. Add mixed fruit and breadcrumbs, mix again, then stir in carbonate of soda dissolved in the cold water. Mix all together and pour into a buttered mould and steam for 2½ hours. Serve with custard sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Sullivan, Cremorne Boatshed, Green St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

TOMATO AND SAUSAGE LUNCH

One pound sausages, 2 medium-size onions, 3 large tomatoes, 1½ cups milk, 2oz. butter, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1 egg, pepper, salt, and nutmeg or cinnamon, 1 large carrot (grated).

Smear a piedish with half the butter, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, put a layer of sliced onions in the dish, dust with salt, pepper, and flour, add half grated carrot, then lay sausages on this; next add more breadcrumbs, then a layer of sliced onions, tomatoes and carrot till piedish is full.

Sprinkle well with salt and pepper, lastly a layer of breadcrumbs. Dot top with rest of butter, sprinkle over a little nutmeg or cinnamon. Beat egg in the milk and pour over pie. Bake in a slow oven till brown. Serve with mashed potato.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. B. Leonard, Arthur St., Walgett, N.S.W.

BANANA MERINGUE PIE

Make and bake a shortcrust pie-shell. Take ½ cup sugar, ¾ cup hot milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup self-raising flour, 3 or 4 ripe bananas, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam.

Scald milk in double saucepan. Cream sugar and butter, beat in egg-yolks and flour. Add to milk, and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Spread bottom of pie-shell with jam, peel and slice bananas, and spread with alternate layers of cream mixture and bananas, finishing with cream.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, add 1 tablespoon sugar. Beat to a stiff meringue and place in rough heaps on top. Put in a cool oven till set, and daintily browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. Haywood, 264 Park Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

MOANA PUDDING

Two cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 cup sultanas, or any other fruit desired, 1 cup nuts.

Melt butter and sugar, enough to mix, then add other ingredients, leaving flour and soda, well sifted together, till last. Mix well. Put in greased tin and steam for 3½ hours. This is a handy kind of pudding; can be made up at the week-end; used later in week. Boil up when wanted for ½ to ¾ hour. Serve hot with cream or custard; may be eaten cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to G. Stephens, Flat 2, 33 Commonwealth Parade, Manly, N.S.W.

ROCK MELON JAM

Take equal parts of rock melon and the firm portion of a sugar melon, say 6lb. each, and allow 6lb. sugar. Cut up the fruit as usual, and sprinkle with half of the sugar. In an hour or two put on the stove in the preserving pan, and cook for three hours. Then add the other half of the sugar and boil one hour longer. Bottle while hot and seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Lois M. Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

HEALTH LOAF

One and a half pounds sliced liver, 1 onion, 1 cup cracker crumbs, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, grated cheese, chopped peanuts.

Wipe liver and, with onion, put through a mincer. Add cracker crumbs moistened with egg and milk. Mix all well and put into a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with little grated cheese and chopped peanuts, cover with greased paper and put into a pan of hot water and bake for 1½ hours in a moderate oven.

(This is recommended for people who have been ordered liver by doctors and cannot eat it otherwise. It is very palatable this way.)

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Swanson, 240 Barker St., Randwick, N.S.W.

GRAPE SALAD

A refreshing and delicious salad may be made by mixing a quantity of peeled, seeded grapes (it's a lot of trouble, but worth it) with a good sprinkling of chopped walnuts and grated or cream cheese—less than the quantity of grapes used. Mix with slightly sweetened and seasoned whipped cream to which has been added a good squeeze of lemon juice. Serve piled up in lettuce leaves and garnished with slices of tomato.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to B. Hannon, 33 Ellis Rd., Glen Iris SE6, Vic.

CURRIED SAUSAGES AND APPLE SQUARES

One pound mincemeat (pork preferred), ½lb. apples, 1 dessertspoonful curry powder, 1oz. sugar, 2 cloves. For the pastry: ½lb. self-raising flour, ½lb. butter, ½lb. good dripping or lard, pinch of salt. Mix with water.

Peel and core the apples, stew with the sugar and cloves and a little water until tender. Then beat till smooth and leave to cool. Rub butter and dripping into flour and salt and mix into stiff paste with water, divide into three portions, and roll out thinly. Line a square shallow baking-tin with one portion of the pastry, and spread with the sausage meat. Add curry powder. Lay the second piece of pastry over this and spread with the prepared apples, cover with the rest of the pastry, press the edges well together. Make several cuts in the top and brush over with milk, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes, cut into squares, and serve hot with brown gravy.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Harper, Liverpool St., Scone, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Five ounces butter, 7oz. sugar, 3 tablespoons dried whole-egg powder blended with 1½ cups milk, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 8oz. plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, vanilla essence, 2oz. crystallised pineapple.

Beat together the butter and sugar. Cream until light and fluffy, add finely - chopped pineapple, gradually add the blended egg powder, beat until mixture is quite smooth. Add the well-sifted dry ingredients, mix thoroughly. Cook in a well-greased ring tin in a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 minutes. Turn out and allow to cool. Ice with a mocha butter frosting.

Mocha Butter Frosting: 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 2 cups icing sugar, 1 tablespoon milk, vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon cocoa.

Melt butter, cook gently for 2 minutes. Pour into a basin, add gradually sifted icing sugar, alternately with the coffee essence and milk. Beat until fluffy and of creamy consistency. Add vanilla and cocoa, beat well. Pipe on the top of the cold cake, or, if cake is to be kept for several days, spread the frosting roughly all over the outside of the cake. This helps to keep the cake moist.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Joan Rawson, 44 Spencer Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

SAVORY LIVER

Take one lamb's fry, 2 onions (sliced), sprig of sage. Slice liver and put a layer in a greased baking dish, then a layer of onion, a sprinkle of sage, pepper and salt to taste. A few small pieces of bacon or scraps of ham mixed in is an improvement. Fill the dish with alternate layers, then cover with mashed potato, dot with butter, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Four helpings.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Green, 211 Catherine St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

ECONOMY FRUIT CAKE

Quarter-pound margarine, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. dates, ½lb. currants, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. flour, ½ of a level teaspoon of baking soda, 2 level teaspoons of mixed spice, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons of cold, strong coffee, 1 or 2 tablespoons of milk.

Clean sultanas and currants. Stone and cut up dates, allow ½lb. when stoned. Sift the flour into a basin with the spice and baking soda. Rub in the margarine and stir in the sugar and prepared fruit. Beat up the egg and stir it in, adding coffee to moisten, and then milk as required. Mix all together, then put into a lined cake tin, spreading mixture towards the sides of the tin so as to slightly hollow out the centre. Bake in a moderate oven for about 1½ hours.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Grace Newell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

All members of the majority of Families are quick to respond to Rosella. At every table where Rosella Pure Foods are served, there is appreciation of the delicious flavour and unsurpassed quality.

Variety is also added to the meals With a range of Over 100 (under normal conditions), the preparation of meals is simplified and menus are easily varied to suit everyone.

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FISH PATTIES WITH SPICED CUCUMBER. Serve them with tomatoes and shredded cabbage. You'll never guess they were made from left-over fish! By the way, we give the recipe at the foot of this page for the iced tea illustrated above.

These will help you in . . .

KEEPING FOOD BILLS DOWN

● No need to waste a scrap of meat, vegetable, bread, fish, or cake. You can make such appetising dishes from left-overs, plus other simple ingredients.

By OUR COOKERY EXPERT

THE economical housewife has no waste in her kitchen. She plans to make the most of left-overs, and presents them in such a way that they lose nothing in flavor or food value.

Meat, to be digestible as well as tasty, should be merely reheated and not recooked. Starchy foods, as potatoes, spaghetti, rice, flour or breadcrumbs, will help to make the meat go farther as well as supplying extra nourishment.

Additional moisture in the form of sauce, gravy or stock is usually necessary.

Pep up the flavor by adding sauces such as ketchup, Worcestershire or mushroom, herbs, spices, curry, or fried onion.

SPICED CUCUMBERS

One cucumber, salt, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ doz. cloves.

Score the cucumbers with a fork. Cut into slices and parboil in salted water for 10 minutes. Drain. Combine the sugar, vinegar, cinnamon and cloves and boil all together. Strain and add the sliced cucumber. Steep in this liquid 10 to 15 minutes before serving.

COLD MEAT KEDGEREE

Half-pound cooked cold meat (rabbit, veal, poultry or fish), 2 cups cooked rice, 1oz. butter, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs.

Chop the onion finely and saute in butter. Mince the meat and mix with the rice, onion, salt, cream, curry, and chopped white of egg. Pile on a hot dish. Garnish with grated egg-yolk, slices of hard-boiled egg, parsley, and lemon.

VEAL CROQUETTES WITH ORANGE SLICES

One pound cooked veal, 3 oranges, ¼lb. bacon rashers, salt and pepper, paprika, parsley, melted butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon minced eschalot, 1 teaspoon butter or margarine.

Dice the eschalot and toss on melted butter. Cool. Mince the veal finely, add flour, eschalot, and seasonings, and bind with egg-yolk. Shape into croquettes and cover each with a strip of bacon rind. Secure with a wooden pick. Grill 10 minutes under the griller, turning frequently. Cut the oranges into slices, brush with butter, and grill. Serve a veal croquette on orange slices, dusted with paprika and garnished with parsley.

CREAMED CORNED BEEF ON SAUTEED CABBAGE

Three cups shredded cabbage, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of nutmeg, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup milk, cayenne, 1 cup cubed corned beef.

Place the shredded cabbage in a colander and rinse in cold water. Place in a casserole with salt, nutmeg, 1 tablespoon butter, and cook slowly in a moderately hot oven until soft. Melt the dessertspoon of butter in a saucepan, add the flour, and cook one minute. Pour in the milk and stir over a low heat until the sauce boils and thickens. Add the cubed corned beef and season to taste. Serve immediately with sauteed cabbage.

SAVORY SOUFFLE

Half a pint white sauce, 1 egg, ½ cup chopped cooked rabbit, ham or fish, ½ cup diced cooked potato, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley, seasonings.

Grease four or five scallop dishes. Combine the meat, potato, parsley, and half the sauce, and season to taste. Pour some into each scallop. Beat the egg-yolk into the remaining sauce and fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-white. Top each scallop with some of the mixture and bake 10 minutes in a hot oven (425 deg. F.). Serve immediately.

SWISS PATTIES

One loaf stale bread, egg-glazing, 1 cup brown sauce or gravy, herbs, ketchup, ½lb. cold cooked beef, grated cheese, fried parsley, ½lb. mushrooms.

Cut the stale bread into slices 2½ins. thick, cut into rounds 2½ins. in diameter, then with a smaller cutter cut half-way through and scoop out the centre. Keep the lids for the top of the finished patties. Brush the bread cases with egg glazing and roll in grated cheese. Deep fry a golden brown. Drain well on kitchen paper. Fry the lids. Combine the cooked meat with the brown sauce and flavor with herbs, ketchup, and sauteed mushrooms. Fill the fried patties. Top with the lid, garnish with fried parsley and serve at once.

FISH PATTIES WITH SPICED CUCUMBER SLICES

Two cups cooked flaked fish, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 cups mashed potato, salt and cayenne, grated lemon rind, breadcrumbs, seasoned flour, milk if necessary.

Break the fish with a fork and remove any bones. Combine with the potato, parsley, and lemon rind. Bind with a little beaten egg. Keep the rest for glazing. Shape into patties in seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing, and toss in breadcrumbs. Deep fry a golden brown. Serve with spiced cucumber.

SANDWICH CASSEROLE

Six slices bread, 1 tablespoon devilled ham or turkey and ham paste, 1 cup grated cheese, butter, 1½ cups milk, 2 eggs, 1½ to 1¾ teaspoons salt, few grains of pepper.

Spread three slices of the bread with the ham, sprinkle with 1 cup of the cheese and cover with the remaining slices of bread, which have been buttered. Cut the sandwiches in halves and place in a buttered baking dish large enough so that they will not overlap. Scald the milk in a double boiler and add gradually to the slightly-beaten eggs. Add salt and pepper and pour over the sandwiches. Sprinkle the remaining half cup of cheese over the top. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate to hot oven (350 deg. F.) about 20 minutes or until cheese is melted and the sandwiches are heated through. If desired garnish with parsley and sprinkle with paprika. Serves six.

PINEAPPLE MACAROON PUDDING

Three-quarters pint milk, 4oz. bread or cake crumbs, grated rind of 1 lemon, 2oz. sugar (if breadcrumbs are used), 2 eggs, 1 cup shredded pineapple, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 2 tablespoons coconut.

Boil the milk and pour over the cake crumbs and lemon rind. Allow to cool and add the egg-yolks. Pour into a greased piedish, set in a dish of cold water, and cook in a moderately hot oven (325 deg. F.) until set. Remove from the oven and spread the surface with shredded pineapple. Add a pinch of salt to the egg-whites and beat until stiff. Fold in the sugar gradually and continue beating until it stands in peaks. Mix in the coconut, pile on the pudding. Replace in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) until the meringue is set—about half an hour. Serve cold.

ICED TEA

Make tea twice as strong as ordinary tea, using 4 teaspoons tea to two cups of boiling water. Infuse 3 minutes, and no longer. Strain into glasses one-third full of ice. Sweeten to taste and put one thin slice of lemon into each glass of tea. The infusion should be chilled quickly to retain the flavor. A sprig of mint in each glass gives a new flavor.

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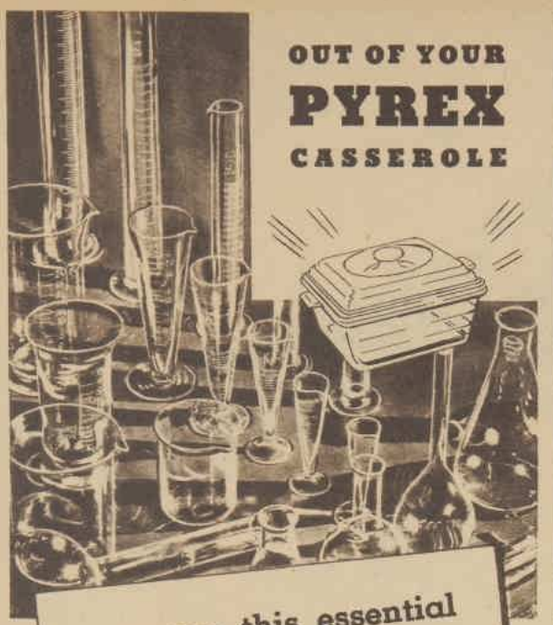

OUT OF YOUR
PYREX
CASSEROLE

. . came this essential
DISPENSARY GLASSWARE

● Every piece of Pyrex you purchased in the past increased the demands on the plant which produced this popular ovenware. The merits of Pyrex put it into most of the kitchens of wise Australian housewives. To meet this demand, the manufacturers maintained an extensive plant which was ready at the outbreak of war to produce, in addition to reduced quantities of Agee Pyrex, innumerable items of glass equipment for use by the fighting services . . . including modern dispensing equipment such as is illustrated here.

AGEE PYREX
MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

COMFORT . . . IT'S WONDERFUL! It's something every woman wants — soft, luxurious comfort — particularly on "difficult days". And that's why you'll be glad to hear about Miracle Modess. For Modess not only has a wonderfully gentle filler of fluff, but it brings you "Moisture Zoning" — a grand new feature specially designed to guard against chafing!

M.O.2. With Modess you'll enjoy greater peace of mind — and it's more economical.

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

Yes, it's snappy!

FORAGE CAP *and* SCARF SET

● Created by one of London's famous designers, you'll want to make it now.

THE cap should be worn at the angle as shown in the picture, and the scarf tied just so, and you'll look just as smart.

No need to sing its praises—the set speaks for itself!

Here are the directions:

Materials Required: 5 skeins "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof or "Sunbeam" super 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 347 (grey); 1 pair No. 10 needles.

Tension: 13 sts., 2ins.; 17 rows, 2ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; wl. fwd., wool forward.

CRAVAT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 85 sts. P into back of sts.

1st Row: (Wrong side of work.) P 1, * sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave at back, k 1, p the st. from spare needle, k 3, p 1, repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back, k 1, p the st. from spare needle, p 1, k 1, repeat from * to end.

3rd Row: P 1, * k 1, sl. next st. on spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k the st. from spare needle, k 2, p 1, repeat from * to end.

4th Row: K 1, * p 3, sl. next st. on spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k the st. from spare needle, k 1, repeat from * to end.

Repeat the last 4 rows until work measures 6ins., ending with 2nd row of pattern.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 24ins., then work the 4 rows of pattern for 6ins.

Cast off. Press with a warm iron and damp cloth.

CAP

Using No. 10 needles cast on 139 sts. P into back of sts. Work in pattern as for cravat for 3ins., ending with 2nd row of pattern. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 until work measures 5½ins. or required depth. Cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of every row until decreased to 69 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the top and back seam. Stitch a tuck around front and sides of cap, as shown in illustration. Using No. 10 needles, cast on 8 sts.

Work as follows: * K 1, wl. fwd., sl. 1, repeat from * to end.

Repeat this row until work measures 1½ins. Draw wool through all sts. and fasten off, then sew on to top of cap.

THIS FORAGE CAP and scarf would look very fetching in red with a grey dress or two-piece, or in grey worn with a red dress. White, worn with navy or black, is also worth your consideration.

Beauty hints

A POWDER BRUSH is not a luxury, but a necessity. It spreads powder smoothly over the face without packing it into the pores. If you can't get one, learn to pat your powder into the skin very lightly with a puff. Marguerite Chapman, of Columbia, pictured above, always uses a brush.

MAKE your hair glossy, your cheeks pink, and your eyes bright by eating two raw carrots every day. Eat them whole or in grated form.

* * *

WARTS on the hands? Dab them three times a day with vinegar. The cure is slow, but certain.

* * *

APPLY skin food to your face and allow it to remain on while having your bath. The steam will open the pores and allow the cream to enter the skin.

* * *

RED knuckles can be made more inconspicuous by rubbing with a little lemon juice last thing at night.

Aunt Polly says

Ever notice that as soon as a child cuts up rough they say he's beginning to take after his Dad?

• • •

I'm certainly glad I don't have to get through clothes rationing without Rinso. Imagine the wear and tear of having to rub the dirt out instead o' letting Rinso's richer thicker suds ease it gently away!

• • •

Some men will tell everybody excepting their wives what wonderful women they married.

• • •

I tell Dad he always has a reason for getting angry but it's seldom a good one.

• • •

Did you ever stop to thank your stars that it's so easy to keep silks and coloureds new-looking with Rinso? When Rinso saves precious coupons, I say, why monkey with any other soap?

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle

Rinso

A LEVER PRODUCT

Z.66.24

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Know the joys of BULB GARDENING

● Don't hesitate, make careful selection now, and during late winter and spring you'll reap rich reward in beauty and fragrance.

By OUR HOME GARDENER

THE snowflake should be set out at once. This large-sized relation of the dainty little snowdrop has established a reputation for wanting to be left alone. I have found that the bulbs almost cease flowering if left for more than three or four years without division.

That's why they are lifted every second year in my garden, the offsets removed and given a place in the semi-shade to themselves. Plenty of foliage and few flowers may be an advantage in some directions, but not with flowering bulbs.

Ixias, sparaxis, and tritonias are good friends and close relations, and will thrive almost anywhere. They naturalise splendidly; that is, will become at home and flower well if planted in informal clumps among grass on banks, lawns, or in sunny shrubberies. When planted in the bulb garden they can be set close together, for they seem to enjoy this intimacy.

Watsonias make a gallant show

WATSONIAS also dislike being lifted every year. They do best if given an open, sunny spot in a corner, where their long foliage and tall spikes can make a display. If the ground is well trenched and given ample manure, and the water supply is generous during dry times, they will bloom for years in the one spot without any attention other than an annual cutting down to ground level in winter.

When watsonia clumps become too large it is advisable to break away some of the outer bulbs, planting them somewhere else. If the whole clump is lifted and divided it may take two or three seasons before the bulbs settle down to the business of flower-producing in real earnest.

Freesias are bulbs that never need any coaxing or kidding. They bloom the same season, whether you lift them and divide them or not. So long as moisture is present and they catch the morning sun this fragrant little bulbous flower will produce blossoms.

In past years we have given the new hybrids, pinks, reds, sunset, and autumn tints a good trial, but the old refracta alba freesia will take a lot of beating, both in its fragrance and flowering habits.

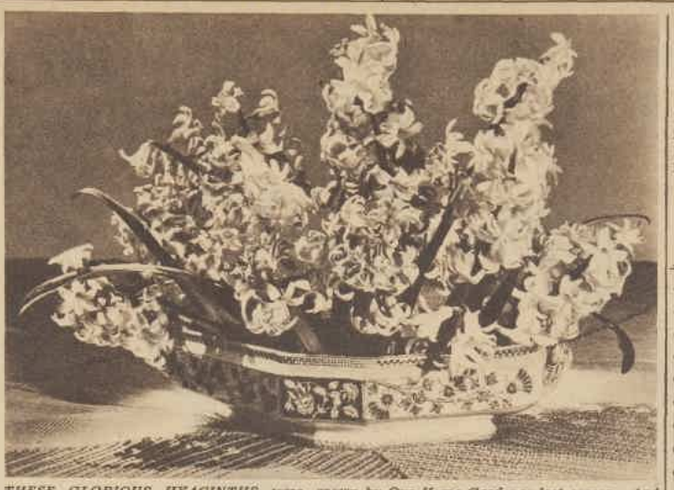
Australian-grown hyacinths of selected strains can now be obtained, which will produce those spikes frequently seen only in Dutch pictures. Last season a Parramatta man grew blooms that were the envy of everyone who saw them.

He said that he imported his first lot of bulbs from Holland years ago, and then selected them year by year, throwing out those that did not produce blooms to his liking.

The secrets of his success with this rather fussy bulbous flower were high, well-drained beds, gritty soil that contained a lot of leaf mould, ample cow manure, and generous quantities of blood and bone in the soil, applied some months before the bulbs were sown.

The showy little babianas often take two years to produce their best blooms, but if naturalised in rough patches of lawn, and then forgotten, will do well the second year from sowing. They are easily grown and offer a wide range of colors.

Irises, anemones, and ranunculi are also subjects for sowing early this month in the bulb garden. And don't forget to make plantings of Iceland poppies, stocks, primulas, pansies, nemesias, leptosynes, calendulas, lupins, cinerarias, and linarias this month.



THESE GLORIOUS HYACINTHS were grown by Our Home Gardener last season. And doesn't the old soup tureen show them off to perfection! In certain areas they can be grown in the open; the majority, however, raise them in pots and bowls. Plant at once.

Pimples Go

FOR FAST RELIEF FROM Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Itching, Cracking, Eczema, Sores, Acne, Peeling, Burning, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Foot Itch, Other Blemishes.

Nixoderm now 2/-

FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE GUARANTEED FOR CUTS, WOUNDS, SKIN TROUBLES.

VIM makes saucepans shine—

CLEANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING

7.10a.25

Furniture by Messrs. Bowman Bros. Ltd., London.

VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers will be the vogue in the future just as they have been in the past. Whatever changes fashion decrees in household furnishing, whether they be for flat, cottage, villa, or mansion, these charming examples of the textile arts are in style, design, and colouring always abreast with the times. If you bought when supplies were more plentiful you will now be appreciating the excellent enduring qualities of Vantona Household Textiles. If you were not so fortunate, there is a pleasure in store.

VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers. VANTONA "Joyous Morn" Towels. VANTONA "Blansheets," Cotton Blankets, Sheets, and Quilts.

★ *Always look for the VANTONA Name Tab.*

VANTONA *Household* TEXTILES

VANTONA LTD., VANTONA HOUSE, PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Problem of school lunches

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE problem of providing the young child with a school lunch-box is an ever-present one to mother, and lunches of her growing family are an important part of her daily routine.

Food for growing children should not be regarded as merely serving to appease hunger. There's much more to it than that.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

There are occasions when the need of a lamp bulb is as urgent as a physician. Think quickly . . . borrow a MAZDA. When the situation is calm again resolve never to be caught without spares

WARTIME MORAL

Don't use light unnecessarily. Save money by using pre-tested Australian-made MAZDA of the correct wattages . . . they stay brighter longer.

MAZDA ELECTRIC LAMPS

They Stay Brighter Longer

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Limited, distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.

LAXETTES

Chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action. LAXETTES are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing mothers. LAXETTES have no underlying taste of medicine.

LAXETTES can be given at any time children require a laxative, just before going to bed is most suitable.

Made by the LAXETTE Manufacturing Company. Standard Tin, 18 Laxettes, 1/7d. Trial Tin, 6d.

L.S.1

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Co-Starred for Beauty

Thorough Cleansing

If your skin is normal or inclined to be dry, keep it soft and unblemished by nightly fingertip massage with CASHMERE BOUQUET CLEANSING CREAM.

Gently but surely this gloriously smooth cream removes all impurities from the pores. At the same time, the stimulating upward and outward massage leaves the skin glowing and refreshed.

For the oily type of skin, CASHMERE BOUQUET CLEANSING MILK offers perfect nightly cleansing.

Cashmere Bouquet

Fine quality Cosmetics at Commonsense Prices

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You Always Remember

Continued from page 7

MR. DANVERS saw the red flash of the sub's deck gun, bright in the grey of dawn. He knew, with a feeling of utter futility, that there was little to do but carry out the order to abandon ship. Captain Andrews studied the black-hulled U-boat through binoculars.

"She's sea-scarred," he muttered. "A long time from her base, and maybe needing supplies."

Rage, bitter and futile, overwhelmed Mr. Danvers. "Curse you," he choked. "If we live to make port, I'll tell the world how you lay to all night! How you wanted to provision a Nazi sub! You and your potted plants and your precious grapefruit!"

The captain didn't answer. He clamped his teeth on the stubby pipe and he looked at his watch. Then he reached for the megaphone in the wheelhouse.

Mr. Danvers looked forward again and out over the lightening sea. Tommy McLean and four men were heading for the fo'c'sle top.

"All hands!" the captain bellowed, turning the megaphone aft. "All hands abandon ship!" He faced forward to repeat this order, and saw young Mr. McLean and the men at the lashings of the gun housing.

"McLean!" the skipper shouted. "Bring those men down from there!"

Tommy McLean showed no sign of having heard.

Captain Andrews ripped out an oath as he stamped down the bridge ladder. When he was nearly to the fo'c'sle, McLean turned a white face.

"Keep out of this!" he shouted. "Get back before they start machine-gunning us. We're going to fight!"

"Get away from that gun!" the captain said doggedly. He went up the fo'c'sle ladder, one hand in his jacket pocket. Bromley moved out, snarling, to meet him. He had his clasp knife open.

Captain Andrews pulled a short bulldog revolver from his pocket. "Keep back!" he warned. "All of you—get to the boats! If any shot is fired, I'll fire it! Understand? I'm captain as long as she floats. Yes"—and his voice went high and hard—"and after that, I'm captain of any boats that are left alive!"

It wasn't the revolver. Tommy McLean was to think later when there was time for thinking. It wasn't nearly so much the revolver as it was what the Old Man said. Because what he said is as old as the sea itself; the captain is always captain, and you can't go against him.

"All right, men," McLean said quietly. "Get to the boats."

The hail came from the sub in precise English. "Do not use your radio, or we will open fire. Abandon ship at once! What is your cargo?"

"Foodstuffs!" Captain Andrews megaphoned. "Foodstuffs and fruit!"

"And come help yourselves!" McLean added bitterly. "I hope you're satisfied, Captain Andrews!"

The Old Man smiled strangely. "Not yet," he said. "But maybe—" He started aft with them. "You'll take charge of the port boat, McLean. Bring it around to the lee under the starboard. I've got to get my papers. Don't wait too long for me, McLean. . . ."

There were men on the sub's whaleback, inflating a collapsible boat. And there was a machine-gun trained on the Westbrook's crew.

The sub's commander was lifting his megaphone when Captain Andrews finally appeared. The skipper descended deliberately, counting noses in the two boats. Thirty-three men, and none of them would look at him. He settled himself in Mr. Danvers' boat and looked wistfully up at the ship.

"Shove off," he said in a tight voice. "This is the second time I've left this old girl . . ."

The oars dipped. The boats came out of the lee, and wind and wave struck them. Nobody spoke. Captain Andrews looked at his watch and sighed.

"Steer north-north-west and keep together," he said.

The collapsible boat left the submarine's rounded side.

"Can't carry much in a craft like that," said Captain Andrews. "Maybe, though, they'll take the grapefruit. It ought to be a delicacy after weeks in a submarine." He tamped tobacco into his pipe. "Next time," he said, "I want a fast ship. Eighteen knots. And I'll go it alone."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, pipe down!" blazed Mr. Danvers. "There won't be a next time for you! You'll be beached. You'll be in gaol!"

Captain Andrews didn't answer. He sat on the edge of the thwart, shapeless in the old jacket, looking at his watch with every slow minute, looking back at the ship. The sub was an ominous black line in the grey sea. The collapsible boat came out of the Westbrook's lee and headed back towards the raider, boxes stacked in it.

The men in the lifeboats saw German sailors passing those boxes down the conning-tower hatch. Food for Britain, gone astray!

More minutes crawled. Mr. Danvers raised his glass and saw things being handed carefully from the submarine to the collapsible boat's crew; he knew these were the bombs to blow the bottom out of the old Westbrook. And then Captain Andrews got suddenly to his feet.

"It's time!" he said. "Rest on your oars! Watch that U-boat!"

They watched. Something like triumph in the Old Man's voice compelled them to do that.

Brightness flashed from the conning-tower hatch. It came in a quick, thundering violence that ripped the upper works of the raider like so much tin. The smoke shot out of her and was whipped along the sea by the wind. Shattered fragments of things rocketed skyward and fell into the disturbed sea.

Another explosion came outboard, where flames were spreading over the collapsible boat, and the whole length of the sub was blotted out by black oil-fed smoke.

Behind that swirling curtain they heard a third blast, water muffled. The atmospheric shock reached them, nearly pulling Captain Andrews off his feet. He was shaking his fist and shouting between the explosions; he was lifting the anger and hate of twenty-three years against the sounds.

"That'll pay you back! That makes us halfway even—curse your filthy souls! Twenty-three years it took me, but that'll pay you back for the Mary Stoddard!"

The sea was silent. Captain Andrews sat down as if ashamed of his outburst. McLean stared across at Mr. Danvers, and the first mate stared back.

"Pull for the ship, men," the captain said. "We'll have to make sure they didn't plant any bombs that first trip."

"Well"—said Mr. Danvers. "I give up, sir. You did it. But how?"

"Why, with the grapefruit, of course. There was just one layer of real fruit in the crates. The rest was made of wax, and crammed with TNT. A simple enough booby trap, Mr. Danvers—a little wiring and concealed dry-cell batteries and small time clocks. I set time when I went back to the cabin. I figured the time just about right."

"So that's what you've been doing these past few days!" Mr. Danvers said weakly. "And the potted plants were just a stall."

"Few days?" snorted the Old Man. "Twenty-three years I've carried that idea. I've had that long to remember how the Mary Stoddard looked when she rolled her stack under, and how the dirty pirates looted the Cape City—and took a case of grapefruit the first thing!"

Mr. Danvers looked up at the Westbrook. She was squat and old, and her paint was scabrous. But all ships can't be big and graceful and filled with power. If they are, they're worth a torpedo.

"Well, she's not such a bad old tub, after all, Captain!" Mr. Danvers said cheerily. "I hope the engines don't break down again. Why, we might even catch the convoy, if we can do eight knots!"

Captain Andrews cleared his throat. "Don't be so infernally optimistic, Danvers!" he growled. "Of course she'll break down again! That's why I did something else before I left her. I hid two cases of that grapefruit, so we can take care of another submarine!"

(Copyright.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"It's beautiful, Mopsy, but you shouldn't spend so much money on me!"

"But you don't have a birthday every year, my dear!"

biding time . . .

"If Winter comes can Spring be far behind . . . . ?"

Though the world be overcast and grey, many are the good ways of life that only await the sunshine of peace to blossom forth again.

So also is the House of Heinz waiting. The delicious things they brought you are not gone forever. The great kitchens are working, good foods are being cooked with all the old skill in preserving purity and flavour.

That you may not see them so often is due to prior claims; by the Fighting Services that need "quality first" foods; by the demands of our national emergency stores.

Therefore, if you do not always run across the friendly label, remember that the goodly craft is not lost but only waiting—as are you—the hour of liberation from the bonds of war.

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VARIETIES

H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD.

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MENTHOIDS

A purely herbal remedy for all sufferers from Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder troubles, and High Blood Pressure. Will cleanse the blood stream; improve the circulation, and tone up the system.

All chemists and stores sell Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

LARGE FLASKS: 6/6 SMALL FLASKS: 3/6
(With Free Diet Chart)

M81

Always bath Baby with Cuticura Soap

Your reward will be a happy baby, with healthy, glowing skin, able to sleep soundly undisturbed by skin troubles.

Cuticura SOAP

CUTICURA SOAP
CUTICURA OINTMENT
CUTICURA TALCUM

the popular choice

10 for 10d. 20 for 1/6

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This is an all-in fight.
Put all your money in.
Buy £10 National Savings Bonds.

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